

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

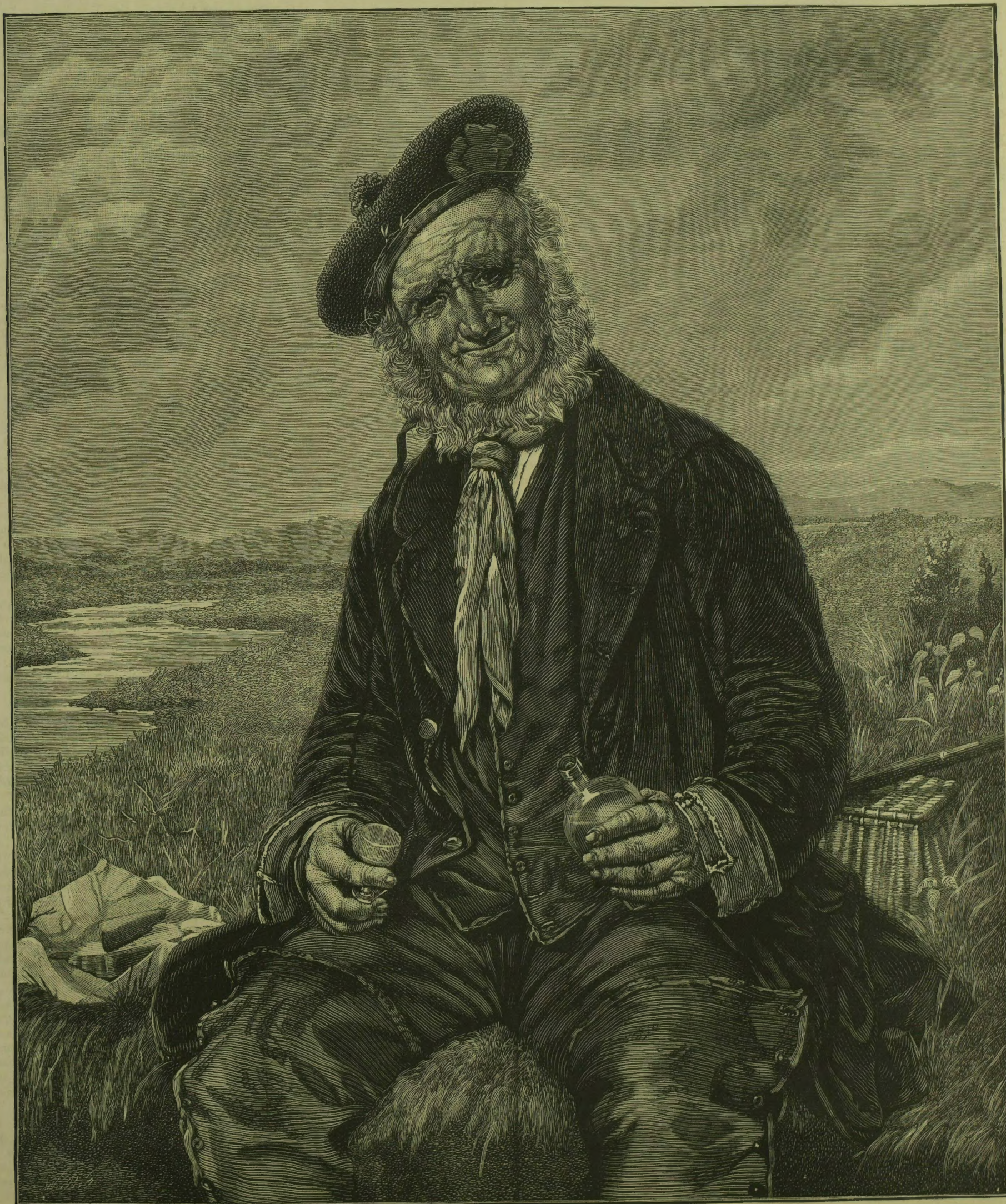


REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2317.—VOL. LXXXIII.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

WITH } SIXPENCE.
TWO SUPPLEMENTS } By Post, 6½d.



FIVE MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENT.

BIRTHS.

On the 2nd inst., at Warsaw, the wife of R. S. Lindley, C.E., of a son.
On July 31, 1883, at Larut, Perak, Straits Settlements, the wife of R. D. Hewett, Esq., of a daughter.
On the 11th ult., at Culloden, Barbados, W.I., the wife of Elliot G. Louis, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On the 8th inst., at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, London, by the Rev. Henry White, M.A., Chaplain to the Queen, John Sumner Whitborne to Ellen Evelyn, daughter of Patrick Cummins, formerly of Ceylon, Provincial Assistant to the Director of Public Works. Ceylon papers please copy.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPT. 22.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 16.	
Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity. Ember Week. Morning Lessons: Jer. v.; II. Cor. viii. Evening Lessons: Jer. xxii. or xxxv.; Mark xiii. 14. Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev. J. H. Cheadle, Minor Canon; 3 p.m., Rev. Canon Duckworth.	St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Rev. Prebendary Otter; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Stubbs; 7 p.m., Rev. J. W. Joyce. Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Henry White, the Chaplain; 7 p.m., Rev. J. Lindsay, Rector of St. Clement Danes. Full Moon, 9.41 p.m.
MONDAY, SEPT. 17.	
British Association: Meeting at Southport; Reception Rooms open, 1 p.m.	
TUESDAY, SEPT. 18.	
Oscar II., King of Sweden; Ac., 1872. Lichfield Races.	Iron and Steel Institute at Middlesbrough (three days).
WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 19.	
British Association, Southport: General Committee meet, 1 p.m.; Address by the President, Professor Farnworth.	A. Cayley, 8 p.m. Cardiff Horse Show (two days).
THURSDAY, SEPT. 20.	
Farnworth Agricultural Society Show. Races: Manchester Meeting.	British Association, Southport: sectional meetings, 11 a.m. to 3 p.m.; soirée, 8 p.m.
FRIDAY, SEPT. 21.	
St. Matthew, Apostle, Evangelist, and Martyr. The Duke of Cumberland born, 1845.	British Association, Southport: lecture by Professor Ball, on the Distance of the Sun, 8.30 p.m.
SATURDAY, SEPT. 22.	
British Association, Southport: excursions; lecture to working people by Sir Frederick Bramwell, on the telephone, 7 p.m.	Abdul Hamed, Sultan of Turkey, born, 1842. London Rowing Club Regatta.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE
NEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 p.m.	Minimum, read at 10 p.m.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.	Rain in 24 hours, in. or less.
September 15	29.822	59.2	54.1	84	9	62.3	56.1	SSE. S. WSW.	676	0.215
16	29.471	58.5	46.5	76	5	65.7	54.9	WSW.	511	0.00
17	29.742	54.1	42.6	67	7	63.0	47.8	WSW. WNW.	205	0.380
18	29.882	52.4	43.9	75	6	63.2	45.0	N. NNE.	172	0.005
19	29.897	51.1	47.0	88	8	56.9	42.1	NNE. WSW.	211	0.00
20	29.879	54.6	43.6	68	9	61.7	47.1	W. WNW.	242	0.600
21	29.941	55.5	46.1	73	4	64.3	49.0	WSW. NNW.	232	0.010

* Dew.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:-
Barometer (in inches) corrected .. 29.822 .. 29.392 .. 29.704 .. 29.802 .. 29.966 .. 29.866 .. 29.830
Temperature of Air .. 59.2 .. 58.5 .. 54.1 .. 42.6 .. 43.9 .. 47.0 .. 46.5
Temperature of Dew Point .. 54.1 .. 46.5 .. 42.6 .. 43.9 .. 47.0 .. 43.6 .. 46.1
Direction of Wind .. S. .. W. .. NW. .. N. .. SW. .. W. .. W.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE
FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 22, 1883.

Sunday.		Monday.		Tuesday.		Wednesday.		Thursday.		Friday.		Saturday.	
h	m	h	m	h	m	h	m	h	m	h	m	h	m
1	0	1	24	1	45	2	24	2	45	3	5	3	19
2	15	2	39	2	59	3	39	3	59	4	13	4	57

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY.—A Cheap First-Class Train from Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d.; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Express-Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First-Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.
A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM at BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First-Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.30 p.m., calling at East Croydon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

EXPRESS DAY SERVICE—Every Weekday as under:—
Victoria Station. London Bridge Station. Paris.
Sept. 15 Dep. 10.35 a.m. Dep. 10.45 a.m. Arr. 11.45 p.m.
" 17 " 8.50 a.m. " 7.5 a.m. " 6.40 p.m.
" 18 " 7.15 a.m. " 6.30 a.m. " 5.7 p.m.
" 19 " 7.15 a.m. " 7.30 a.m. " 6.40 p.m.
NIGHT TIDAL SERVICE—Leaving Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. every Weekday and Sunday.
FARES.—London to Paris and Back—1st Class. 2nd Class.
Available for Return within One Month. 23 15 0
Third-Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 30s.
The "Normandy" and "Brittany," splendid fast paddle-steamers, accomplish the passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently under Four Hours.
A Through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 29, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By order) J. P. KNEIGHT, General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—The SUMMER SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.
TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY and FRIDAY or SATURDAY (First, Second, and Third Class) TICKETS are issued by all Trains to the above-named Stations at reduced fares.
TOURIST TICKETS, available up to Dec. 31, 1883, are also issued from London (Liverpool-street) to Fife, Scarborough, Whitby, and the principal Tourist Stations in Scotland.
For further particulars see bills.
London, September, 1883. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Triumphant success of the
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
NEW ENTERTAINMENT.
HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY FROM EVERY PERFORMANCE.
The new and beautiful songs, and the new comic sketches of THE CHARLESTOWN BLUES, SINGING IN THE SALVATION ARMY, and with its startling atmospheric effects, applauded to the echo.
EVERY NIGHT, at EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT.
Omnibuses run from the Fisheries Exhibition direct to the doors of St. James's Hall.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY.
On TUESDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 18, 1883, the
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
enter upon their NINETEENTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR
at the St. James's Hall, in one continuous season.
THE LONGEST, THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY, UPON RECORD.
Since Sept. 18, 1865, this Company has given no less than
EIGHT THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE
PERFORMANCES.
comprising nine regular performances in each week throughout the year, and extra day representations at each successive holiday season, exclusive of many hundred performances given at the Crystal Palace, Theatre Royal Drury Lane, Gaiety, Princess's, Adelphi, and Standard.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
President—His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, K.G.
INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.
LARGEST FISHERIES EXHIBITION EVER HELD.
Open Daily, from Nine a.m. to Ten p.m., except Wednesday, when doors are open from Ten a.m. to Eleven p.m., until further notice.
BRILLIANT ILLUMINATION of the Exhibition and Grounds by the ELECTRIC LIGHT every evening. Lighting power one million candles.
The Full Band of the GRENADE GUARDS, under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey, will perform a Grand Selection of Music of the best Composers Daily from 3.30 to 9.45 p.m.
Admission 1s. on every weekday, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. Season Tickets, One Guinea.
EVENING FETES.—On EVERY WEDNESDAY until further notice the Exhibition will be open until Eleven p.m. The Band will play until 10.45. Special FETES will be held, and the Grounds brilliantly illuminated by Chinese Lanterns, Coloured Fires, &c., under the management of Mr. James Pain, as on the occasion of the Royal Fête on July 18.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

In consequence of numerous inquiries at the Office upon the subject, the Proprietors of this Journal beg to intimate that applications for Advertisements to be printed upon Sheets issued by The Interleaf or Leaflet Company, or bearing any other title, and said to be inserted in any portion of the issue of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, do not emanate from this Office, and that such Insertions are in no way connected with the Paper.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

During the past week the British public have become impressed with the momentous issues that would be involved in a war between France and China. So also, though in an inferior degree, have our French neighbours; and this is one of the chief grounds for hoping that a solid basis for a pacific arrangement may eventually be discovered. A few days ago the Marquis Tseng, the chief diplomatic representative of the Court of China in Europe, left London for Paris to renew negotiations with the Foreign Minister of the Republic. Their brief interviews are said to have been satisfactory, but not conclusive. Apparently, the Chinese Envoy, who has meanwhile returned to England, awaits fresh instructions from Pekin before resuming his conferences with M. Challengel-Lacour. The knotty points to be settled are the delimitation of frontier, and the kind of independence to be granted to the kingdom of Annam, or rather of the province of Tonquin, where the Chinese Government insist on preserving a belt of neutral territory that will preserve them from contact with a European Power.

This unfortunate delay in bringing about a pacific arrangement has a twofold aspect. It has enabled Germany, which has very substantial interests in China, to assume the rôle of pacificator. Prince Bismarck has not only given instructions for the concentration of the German Asiatic squadron at the treaty ports, but has urged the Chinese Court to come to terms with France. We may suppose that, should the crisis really become acute, he will make his potent influence felt at Paris as well as at Pekin. On the other hand, before the Marquis Tseng reappears at the Quai D'Orsay his difficulties may have increased tenfold. The action taken by the French in Annam has aroused, as was predicted, a very dangerous spirit among the Chinese masses. On Monday a mob attacked the British steamer Hankow in Canton river, and, being foiled in their purpose, plundered and burnt down some store-houses. Order was with difficulty restored by the native troops, the panic-stricken foreign residents seeking refuge on board ship. This seems to have been an isolated incident, the result of special causes, and devoid of political significance. But the present animosity of the Chinese is not limited to the French, of whom there are few in the Celestial Empire, but is directed against Europeans indiscriminately. If the terms of peace are quickly arranged, the passions of the populace in the crowded treaty ports might be restrained. But if war should break out, the weak Government of China could do little to prevent an outburst of popular fury against foreign residents, which might lead to their general massacre, and drive the British Government to take coercive measures. All this has been foreseen and dreaded; but it would seem that France is bent on insisting upon illusory and unjust demands on China, at the risk of promoting a general conflagration.

Details of the terrible volcanic eruption in Java are still scanty; but there is reason to hope that the loss of life and devastation caused by the earthquake and great tidal wave were less widespread than was at first reported. Although the volcanic débris has wholly blocked up the passage between Krakatoa and Sebooko, the channel through the Straits of Sunda is in the main unchanged, and some of the lighthouses are uninjured or have been restored. In referring to this tremendous cataclysm, a writer in the Times offers some consolation of a cosmopolitan kind, which will hardly reconcile Holland or her thickly-populated colonies in Java and Sumatra to the losses and sufferings that have overwhelmed them. It is, we are told, a sign that the time is far distant when this globe will be reduced to the condition of the moon, which has not life enough left "to ooze forth the tiniest mud volcano or spurt out the feeblest geyser." Internal fires, volcanic outbursts, and earthquake upheavals, whatever disasters they may entail, are

signs that, old as our earth is, she is still full of vigour. "Only when the earth is as dead as the moon," says our complacent philosopher—who has, perhaps, been refreshing his memory with Campbell's melancholy dirge over "The Last Man"—"will such catastrophes become impossible."

Thus far, it may be said—and we may hope it will be so to the end—nothing has occurred to recall the Prime Minister from his trip among the Western Isles. Mr. Gladstone has lately done his duty at Hawarden as a wood-cutter, having, as his last exploit, felled a stout oak. He has doubly earned his title to relaxation and refreshment, which we may reasonably suppose he will better secure on the deck of a magnificent steam-ship, threading the Hebrides and fanned by Atlantic breezes, or amid the grand scenery of Skye and Gairloch, than by the risky physical feats in which our veteran statesman delights. By favour of Sir Donald Currie, he has started, with a select circle of relatives and friends, on a sea-trip, which promises to renovate his health as completely as when, three years ago, he took a cruise round the coasts of Great Britain. If not beyond the reach of the telegraph, the Premier has, for the present, bid good-bye to despatch-boxes, perhaps to the cares of State, and assuredly to the prying curiosity of newspaper inquisitors. There will be no deputations to tempt him to speak, and no reporters to follow in his wake as he skirts the magnificent coast of Norway; and we trust that Lord Granville, who remains in Downing-street to watch over the critical relations of France and China, will not find it necessary prematurely to recall his chief. There is something touching in the chorus of good wishes, and the generous expressions of sympathy which, without respect to party, have followed the "grand old man" on his coasting expedition.

The Report of the Education Department for 1882 is profitable, if not light reading. It contains a gratifying record of the progress of the beneficent Act of 1870. There is now accommodation in England and Wales for 4,538,320 scholars. More than enough school places are provided for the needs of our villages and agricultural parishes, but the provision is quite inadequate for the necessities of the growing population of our large towns. Thus, for example, the yearly increase of children of school age in the metropolis is not less than 12,000. This exigency the London School Board is doing its best to meet, not without a good deal of grumbling on the part of economical ratepayers, who do not always bear in mind that this grand educational agency has been the chief means of decreasing by one half the juvenile criminals of the metropolis. The average daily attendance in the 18,289 elementary schools is more than a million and a half short of the school places. This is the most serious outcome of these statistics. But an improvement is taking place, and will no doubt become more manifest as the schools increase in efficiency, and the supply of certificated teachers, which is at present inadequate, is augmented. But, on the whole, the Report tells of progress. To say nothing of the vast apparatus provided by Voluntary schools, it is shown that the grant paid, after examination, for each Board School pupil is steadily increasing, and that the rate-supported schools are gradually drawing within their influence the worst class of children. The aggregate cost of Board Schools for the twelve months ending August, 1882, is set down at something short of four millions and a quarter—a sum vast enough, yet far less in proportion than is expended in elementary education in the United States.

Two Transatlantic events merit a passing notice. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and other legal luminaries are making a tour through the United States, where they have been received with marked distinction. Our American cousins must have been as much amused with his Lordship's skill in baffling the cross-examination of importunate interviewers as they were delighted with his discriminating but hearty eulogies on the great men who have made their history. "England and America," said the suave Chief Justice, at the Boston Banquet, the whole company rising to their feet with approving enthusiasm, "are one in blood, in language, in law, one in hatred of oppression and love of liberty. We are bound together by God Himself in golden chains of mutual affection and mutual respect, and two nations so joined, I am firmly convinced, man will never put asunder." On the same day, a select body of his enterprising countrymen were assisting at the opening of the Northern Pacific Railway, and at the ceremony of driving the last spike at Montana, the echo of which was, by electricity, made audible at distant New York. This is the third and longest of the great lines that cross the American continent. It stretches over 2500 miles, and opens up an illimitable expanse of country, from Lake Superior to Puget's Sound, where millions of people might find support, and which may, in due time, become one of the granaries of the world. It is Canada's turn next to open up, as it were, a new world. The Canadian Pacific Railway, which is in great part completed, makes that great colony continuous with British Columbia, and will give more cohesion to that "Dominion" which, whether under Imperial rule or independent, will for generations to come welcome the surplus population of the over-peopled mother country.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Buckwheat cakes may not be quite so popular a delicacy at Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, U.S.A., as pork and beans; still the cry of "Hurry up Cakes!" is permanently and pleasantly audible throughout New England. Buckwheat cakes (which always remind me of thin discs of flannel vest lightly fried) are naught without plenty of butter and plenty of maple syrup; but for some time to come, in Boston at least, there should be no demand for butter and syrup among the home manufacturers of the commodity in question. The Right Honourable Lord Coleridge has presented the Bostonians with saccharine and oleaginous matter enough to sweeten and anoint their buckwheat cakes withal for an indefinite period.

The Lord Chief Justice has won the heart of the Bostonians by the eloquently dulcet oration which he delivered at the banquet offered to his Lordship on Saturday, the 8th, by the City Government. Could the ghost of Banquo—stay, I mean Bunker—have been present on the festive occasion the phantom might have returned exulting to his Historic Hill, and told the ghosts of the Pilgrim Fathers and their immediate descendants—the Cottons, the Mathers, the Devonports, the Nortons, the Hookers, the Winthrops, the Bradstreets, the Pynchons, the Gookins, and the Hayneses that the wrongs of the colony of Massachusetts Bay were at length avenged. It was the brethren and compeers of the men whom I have named who were the favourite victims of the Court of Star Chamber, where English Judges and Ministers of State used to sit to decree the whipping and the pillorying, the branding and nose-slitting and ear-cropping of Puritan publicists. The Star Chamber and the High Commission Court were unwittingly the founders of New England literature. But for Laud and Strafford and the diabolical persecutions to which Prynne and Bastwick were subjected, the Puritans might never have colonised New England at all.

So it is simply delicious to read of how Lord Coleridge buttered the Bostonians. He told them that they had a history of which any commonwealth might be proud; that they had "raised" Franklin, Daniel Webster, Storey, and Theodore Parker—the last, perhaps, "one of their highest and brightest souls." Hawthorne Lord Coleridge considers to be, "taken altogether," almost the foremost of Bostonian men of letters. Nor did his Lordship forget to say sweet things of Longfellow, "the delight and darling of two hemispheres"; Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, the autocrat, if he chose, of every dinner-table too [but the long-recognised autocrat, M' Lud, of English dinner-tables is Mr. Abraham Hayward, Q.C.] Emerson, "as broad, as strong as one of their own rivers, and as pure"; James Russell Lowell, who, "like Garrick in Reynolds's picture, excels either in tragedy or comedy"; and Howells, "the last of American invaders who has taken England by storm." After reading the comparison between the author of the "Biglow Papers" and David Garrick, and learning the strange tidings that Mr. Howells had "taken England by storm," I hid me to the apothecary's (Messrs. Glaisher and Kemp) and bought threepennyworth of civet.

It is passing strange that just while Lord Coleridge was enchanting his auditors with his mellifluous dialectics that respectable organ of New England opinion, the *Boston Advertiser*, should be lamenting the decline of the literary supremacy of Boston. The *North American Review* is no longer published at Boston, it seems. The publication of the leading legal review in the United States has been transferred to St. Louis. There are comparatively few collectors of standard English books in Boston now. *Scribner* and *Harper* have put out the light of the Bostonian magazines. The Muses are going west—very far west, indeed. California is beginning to "boom" with poets, and the New England humourists have been snuffed out by the waggeries of Sweet and Knox, the "Texas Sifters." I won't believe a word of it. Boston, Mass., is and will continue to be the "Hub" of the Universe. Bunker is not lightly to be deposed from his Hill. Who Bunker really was I think I have once heard, but have forgotten.

There must be a great many readers of this page who take a lively interest in the minutest sayings and doings of Napoleon I. A large batch of communications have reached me referring to Napoleon's legacy of ten thousand francs to the sub-officer Cantillon, who was tried and acquitted on the charge of attempting to assassinate the Duke of Wellington. One of my correspondents, "F. H." (Whitby), asks, "Is it really true that Napoleon owed his life to the clemency of the Duke of Wellington?" and he proceeds to remark that Mr. Smiles in "Duty" states it was owing to the entreaties of the Duke that Blücher refrained from putting Napoleon to death.

I have not read Mr. Smiles on "Duty"; but I can scarcely believe that so accurate a writer would have made so unhistorical an assertion. It was the avowed intention of Blücher, had he caught Napoleon after Waterloo, to have had him shot on the precise spot in the ditch at Vincennes, where, eleven years before, the Duke of Enghien had been executed. But old "Marshal Vorwärts" never had Napoleon in his power, and consequently no "entreaties" from the Duke were needed to induce the vindictive Prussian to spare the captive's life. When Napoleon surrendered at Rochefort to Captain Maitland, the British Government decided to treat the ex-Emperor, not as an outlaw (which he had been declared to be by the Allied Powers after his escape from Elba), but as a prisoner of war; and it would have been murder to kill a prisoner of war in cold blood.

On the other hand, it is quite true that Blücher, not being able to get hold of the victor of Jena, had made up his mind to wreak his vengeance on the Bridge of Jena over the Seine at Paris, by blowing it up bodily, and that it was by the strong persuasion of the Duke of Wellington that he was induced to abandon his Guy Fawkes-like project. I think that the Rev. Chaplain General Gleig has somewhere published a letter in

which Duke Arthur writes to Blücher, addressing him as "Mein lieber Fürst," congratulating him on his consent to spare the bridge, and asking him to dine at Vély's that evening.

But the world, apparently, is not yet disposed to let either the Duke or his great foe man alone. Under the title of "An Extraordinary Suggestion," the *Times*, on Monday, the 11th inst., published a letter signed "An Engineer," in which the writer, gravely doubting the satisfactory results of an open competition for the design of the new equestrian statue of the Iron Duke, to be erected at Hyde Park Corner, remarks: "In Edinburgh there is a very good statue of the Duke of Wellington, by Sir John Steell, who had the advantage of modelling the Duke's features from life—an advantage which probably no other living sculptor has had. Would not the best course be to appoint a commission to visit this statue, and, if the report is favourable, to have a duplicate of it cast for London?"

This calm (why "extraordinary"?) suggestion—"Auld Scotia for ever!"—will not possibly be much relished by the British and foreign sculptors, whose fingers are itching to knead their modelling-clay for a new Wellington Statue competition; but the allusion of "An Engineer" to Sir John Steell's modelling the Duke's picture from life, sends me to my common-place book, where I find a rather curious extract from "The Autobiography of William Jerdan," vol. iii. p. 259. Writes the quondam editor of the *Literary Gazette* :—

At a dinner-party of between thirty and forty, given by the Lord Mayor to his Grace and the Committee who superintended the erection of the city equestrian statue near the Mansion House, he condescended to notice me at the table, together with Sir Francis Chantrey, by whom I was seated, about half-a-dozen chairs from him, and which I was told was a very high compliment. At the time Sir Francis pointed out to me the singular conformation of the Duke's ear, which he, as an artist, modelling his head, had naturally observed; it was almost flat, and destitute of the shell-like convolutions which are the usual attributes of the organ.

The Iron Duke, in his declining years, was very deaf. When we were boys we used to ascribe the hero's surdity to the cannon, the roaring of which had "split his ears" in battle. But may not the absence of what Jordan calls "shell-like convolutions" in the Duke's ear have had something to do with his deafness? In any case, sculptors who wish to compete for the new statue should visit the Royal Exchange and study the Wellingtonian ear as modelled by Chantrey.

Mem.: Jerdan tells a droll story about his attempting to deliver at Apsley House a small quarto volume containing the minutes and proceedings of the Equestrian Monument Committee. The Duke's porter flatly refused to take the parcel in; whereupon Mr. Jerdan wrote to his Grace, explaining the circumstances, and inquiring how the volume could be made to reach him. In reply, F.M. the Duke of Wellington informed Mr. Jerdan that the porter had acted strictly in accordance with orders in refusing to accept the packet, adding that, if he took in all the things that arrived from every part of London, Apsley House would be filled throughout with rubbish; but that, to assure access to this particular object, the Duke had written the name and address of his porter at the bottom of the note, and requested Mr. J. to cut it off and paste it on the parcel, and re-deliver it. Which was duly done. But what would F.M. the Duke have said to a Parcels Post?

In the matter of the Highland military bonnet with the sable plumes, commonly called the "Mourning-Coach-horse bonnet" "Nominis Umbra" points out that this particular head gear is of older date than the beginning of the present century. "In Sharp's fine engraving," writes my correspondent, "after Trumbull, of 'The Sortie from Gibraltar,' 1781, one of the officers wears a kilt and the check-bordered bonnet, with black ostrich plumes, just as they are worn now." Another correspondent, "A. B." (Worcester), disdainfully asserts that the Highlander figured in the Wishart trade card of 1720 is not a Highlander at all, but simply "an Edinburgh shopboy with his apron tucked up." But Edinburgh shopboys, A.D. 1720, did not carry broadswords and bucklers, with pistols in their belts; and the Wishart Highlander is thus equipped.

A noble correspondent (Kingston-on-Thames), talking of English costume, incidentally observes, "We have not one national characteristic of dress left in this country, except the Anglo-Saxon smock-frock—a beautiful dress. I have often heard, and believe it to be the case, that a modification of such a dress would be useful in a campaign." Of the antiquity of the smockfrock there can be no doubt. I have met with the garment beautifully embroidered at the neck and cuffs. When I was a boy, in Kent, about 1841, the peasantry about Hythe and Ashford used to speak of a smock-frock as a "gaberdrine."

But have we no other characteristic item of English dress? I am afraid not. The chimney-pot hat is Flemish; the "pork-pie" hat, Spanish; the "billecock" or "Jim Crow" hat, Irish; the Ulster, Irish; the plaid, Scotch; the mantilla, Spanish; the shawl, Indian; all manner of women's head gear, French, except, perhaps, the mob-caps which English farmers' wives used to wear. The "upper Benjamin," or many-caped "wrap rascal," is all but extinct as a garment for men—only very rarely do you see the Jehu of a "growler," or four-wheeled cab, so appareled; but the "wrap rascal" capes have been recently and tastefully adapted as tippets to ladies' ulsters.

In the "Echoes" of Aug. 25 I asked, following a querist in the House of Commons, what had become of a model of the architectural improvements in the neighbourhood of Whitehall prepared during the ædileship of Mr., now Sir, Austen Henry Layard? "H. H." (Dalston) obligingly informs me that some months since he saw the architectural model in question in one of the apartments in the basement of the Bethnal-green Museum, and that, for aught he can tell, the model may be there still. It is strange that during the Parliamentary debate on the subject no official person should have been able

to tell the First Commissioner of Works what had become of the missing model.

Naturally the proposed and happily averted desecration of Shakspeare's grave has led numerous correspondents to favour me with copies of the following extract from Washington Irving's "Sketch Book," originally published some sixty years since.

The inscription on the tombstone has not been without its effect. It has prevented the removal of his remains from the bosom of his native place to Westminster Abbey, which was at one time contemplated. A few years since, also, as some labourers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into his grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with his remains, so awfully guarded by a malediction; and lest any of the idle, or the curious, or any collector of relics should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished and the aperture closed again. He told me he made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones—nothing but dust. It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakspeare.

If there could be anything more revoltingly indecent than the "lionising" at the Houses of Parliament, just before his death, of the executioner Marwood, it would be the number and importunity of the applications made to the Home Office from all parts of the country for the "post" or "appointment" supposed to have been left vacant by the deceased hangman. The authorities at Whitehall have been fain to issue a public notice pointing out that it is neither the right nor the duty of the Home Secretary to appoint an executioner, and that such right and duty belongs to the Sheriff, who is bound, when a capital criminal has to be executed, to provide a person to carry out the behests of the law. In default of finding such a person, the Sheriff is constitutionally bound to hang the culprit himself.

Why the candidates for the privilege of strangling their fellow-creatures should have fallen into the error of supposing the hangman to be a Government employé is due to two causes. First, the morbid vanity of Marwood led him to inscribe over a portion of his cobbler's shop at Horncastle the words, "Crown Office." The man was not, in any sense, a servant of the Crown. He was simply hired, from time to time, by the Sheriffs of various counties to execute various criminals. In the second place, the minds of the candidates may have been somewhat confused by Sir Richard Cross's New Prison Act. Under the provisions of that measure all the jails became "Her Majesty's Prisons." The Corporation of London had to hand Newgate and Holloway over to the Crown. Thus the candidates might have laboured under the impression that the hangman, who really was an officer in the permanent employment of the Sheriffs (his retaining fee was, I believe, a pound a week), had, when the Prisons Act came into operation, become a Government official.

I hope that the Corporation of London will not see their way towards appointing a permanent hangman, or "yeoman of the halter." It is not seemly that they should be called upon to provide a hangman-general for the United Kingdom. It is time that the barbarism of a Sheriff, who is also theoretically a hangman, were abolished. If the Government can find prison-warders who are willing to flog garotters, they should be able to find at least one warder willing to hang murderers. The best plan of all, perhaps, to adopt would be partially to remit the sentence of some ruffian condemned to a life-long term of penal servitude and make him permanent hangman, sending him, under proper escort, to jails when executions are "on hand," and keeping him in hold—but with certain indulgences in the way of extra diet and leisure in the intervals between his grim labours. A skilled orthopraxist—I mean a practitioner experienced in all matters connected with the spine and the extremities, would be able to teach the convict *carนิဆာ* how to perform his duties properly. I commend this modest proposal to the attention of the *Lancet*. The notoriety attaching to the personality of Marwood was at all times sufficiently sickening; but when it came to the creature's leering down on the Commons from the reserved Gallery, and signing his horrible autograph on Parliamentary note paper, the scandal became intolerable.

The recent statistics of insanity in the City of New York are scarcely of a reassuring nature. There would appear to have been a remarkable and rapid increase of mental disease in the Empire City. On the last day of December, 1871, there were only fifteen hundred and thirty-five persons confined in asylums in Manhattan. In the current year, the number of insane patients has increased to three thousand six hundred. It is stated that there is one lunatic to every three hundred and sixty inhabitants in New York City; while, in the whole nation, the average is one in seven hundred and seventy-nine of population.

One reason for the superabundance of crazy folk in Manhattan is given in the alleged circumstance that "many lunatics in neighbouring towns, and even States, are taken to New York and abandoned in the streets; and, as their former places of abode cannot be traced, it falls to the lot of the municipality to provide for them." But there may be other causes conducive to an excessive average of lunacy among the New Yorkers. What do you say to the "L" railroads? In 1879-80, a distinguished New York physician told me that the roaring Rialtos of the Elevated Railways, with their trains for ever tearing in front of people's windows, were breeding a host of obscure diseases of the brain and mind. Physically, too, I should say that the most nervous of all the American peoples. Then there are Wall-street and William-street. There is the *National Police Gazette*. There are the Sunday excursions to Coney Island. There are the red-hot Sunday sermons, so appreciatively reported by the *New York Herald*. Madness is, after a manner, contagious; and the New Yorkers may go mad because their neighbours do. When I was at Constantinople I took a great fancy to the Howling Dervishes; and I declare that, over and over again, returning from their services, I have experienced the very greatest difficulty in suppressing a desire to Howl.

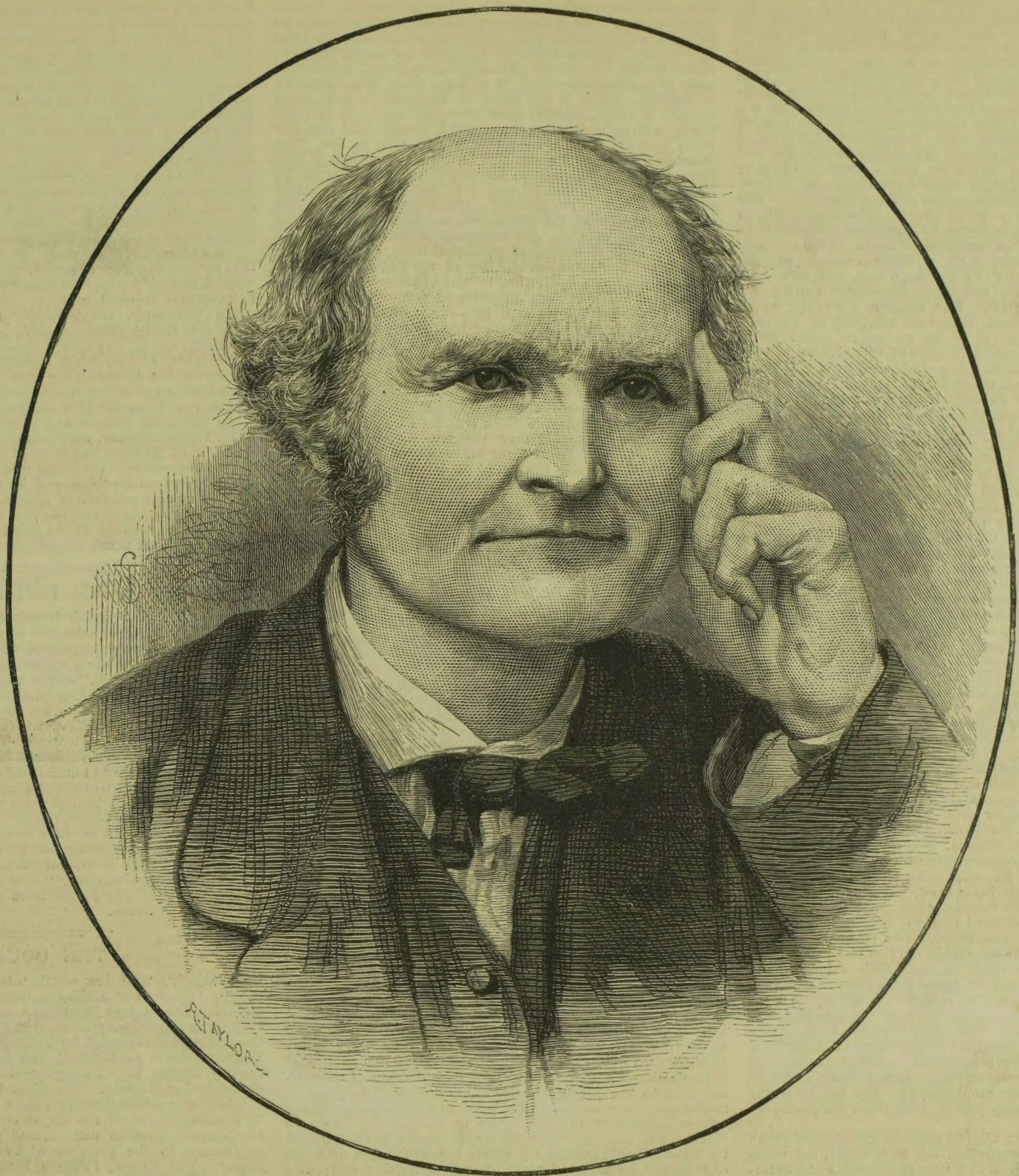
Mem.: I never saw a Mad Mormon. Did Mr. Phil Robinson, I wonder, ever foregather with one? G. A. S.



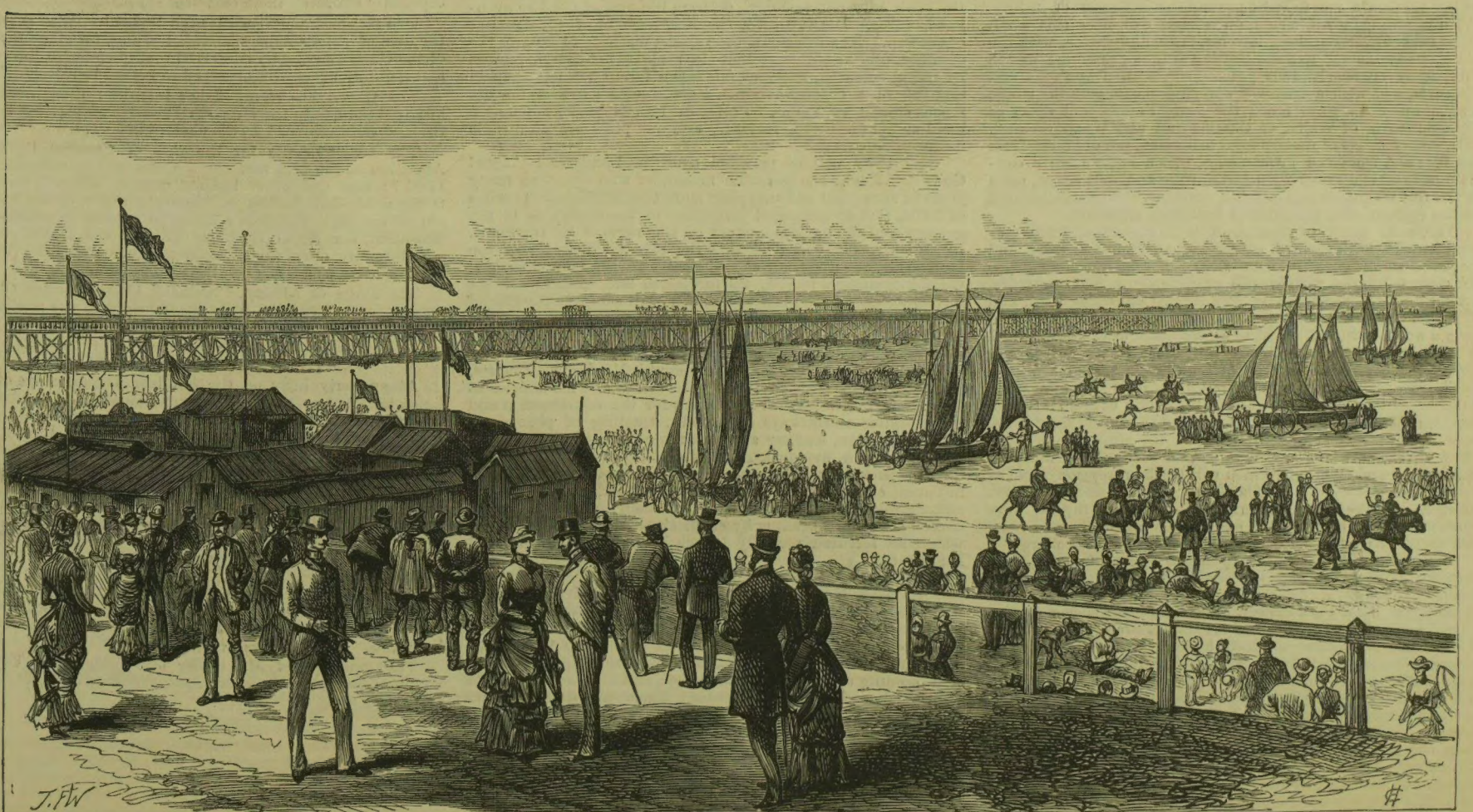
1. The Beach and part of the Promenade, Southport.
4. Lord-street.

2. Cambridge Hall and Atkinson Free Library.
5. The Botanic Gardens.

3. New Extension of the Convalescent Hospital.
6. The Southport Sand-hills.



PROFESSOR CAYLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.



THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT SOUTHPORT: THE SANDS AND PIER.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT SOUTHPORT.

This is the season, though rather late, for British seaside recreations. The learned members, and the leisured lovers of learning, who attend the yearly Congress of British Science, will enjoy, with fine weather, as we hope, the refreshing breezes of the Irish sea, and the attractions of a newly-built town on the sands, at Southport, on the flat Lancashire coast, between the Mersey estuary and that of the Ribble. It is a very salubrious and rather agreeable piece of our western shores, a favourite summer resort, though not what is called "bracing," of the Liverpool and Manchester commercial and manufacturing classes, within an hour's journey of their places of business, eighteen miles from the great seaport, thirty-seven from the head-quarters of the cotton trade. The old name of the parish is North Meols. The word Meols, in some ancient language, is stated by historical philologists to signify "sand-hills," a continuous range of which here guards the level coast, with a broad expanse of the same substance, covered by the high tide, but left bare and dry at low water, making a convenient surface for landmen to disport upon. The southern township, which is the manor of Birkdale, claims an antiquity of six centuries, and some really old houses are to be found there. Two miles north of it was the village of Churchtown, where, in 1792, "the original hotel" was established by one William Sutton, now held in local veneration as the founder of Southport. Its fortune was made by the accidental sojourn here, for one night, of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, when he was inspecting the coast to see how it could be defended against the French. From that time, says the local chronicle, both Sutton and his house of entertainment, then standing alone in "a wilderness of sand-hills," were called "the Royal Duke," while some called the house his "Folly." A genial host and good fiddler, he failed to make money. But, though Sutton died poor, in 1840, experience has proved the wisdom of choosing this site for the accommodation of visitors seeking marine refreshment. His memory is preserved by an inscribed tablet and ornamental gas-light pillar, erected by the Improvement Commissioners at the junction of Lord-street and Duke-street. A medical gentleman of Ormskirk, Dr. or Mr. Barton, lent his professional authority, upon very good grounds, to vouch for the healthiness of the place. Lancashire doctors were persuaded to agree with him, and this made the fortune of Southport, the name which Mr. Barton solemnly conferred upon it, with a pleasant ceremonial, about the end of the last century. Houses were gradually built, making a village of commodious lodgings for "company" from the inland towns, with a branch post-office, a news-room, and a ball-room, which were noticeable fifty years ago. In 1846, there were nearly four thousand inhabitants, and Southport then obtained local self-government by the Improvement Commissioners. These gave place, in 1866, to a Mayor and Corporation, who should be proud, next week, to show their handsome town, with its population of 35,000, to the British Association of Science.

A "Handbook for Southport, Medical and General," by Mr. E. Day Nicoll, honorary surgeon to the Southport Infirmary, is published by Messrs. R. Johnson and Co., in Lord-street. We refer to this little book, which is accurate and judicious, for much information concerning the place, its natural features, both of land and sea, botany, ornithology, and marine zoology, climate, bathing, and effect on invalids. If you want a bracing air we should say you had better go to Blackpool, a few miles north of the Ribble estuary. The atmosphere of the Irish sea, all round these coasts and that of the Isle of Man, in the centre, is rich in ozone, which is the element most required by languishing city people in their few weeks of repose. At Rhyl or Llandudno, on the North Wales coast, at Douglas, in the Island, and at the nearest Irish, Scottish, and Cumberland watering-places, this benefit of the peculiar sea air is enjoyed with more attractive local scenery, and with superior bathing facilities on the shore. But the air of the Lancashire coast is probably just as good, while the places are of easier access.

The town of Southport, with its artificial amenities of urban life, merits particular commendation. It is lively, but never noisy. Our readers will look at the views of streets and buildings in our Artist's Sketches. The Sand-hills, in their raw or unimproved state, remain still available for the delight of scrambling children, who seem as fond of sand as of grass. In front of the Promenade, from the Convalescent Hospital to the Pier, besides a New Promenade, turning from it at an angle to get nearer the sea, the vast space of smooth dry sand, at low tide, is a magnificent ground for walking or riding. With a strong wind, boats on wheels sail over this sand. High tide converts it daily into a safe bathing-place, with the aid of "machines," and sea boating is then available; by the Pier, however, nearly 1500 yards long, with a spacious end platform, and with a tramway carrying passengers the whole length, one can always reach the sea. Fine distant views of the mountains of Wales, of Cumberland and Westmoreland, with sunset effects of unsurpassed brilliancy, are obtained from the Pier and from the Promenades, which latter form a continuous seaside drive of 2600 yards, wide and well paved, open to the full afternoon and evening sunshine, and quite sheltered on the eastern side, with stately buildings adjacent.

The next glory of Southport is Lord-street, which resembles a Paris Boulevard, combining an avenue of trees, and frequent small gardens, with shops, hotels, public edifices and private houses, with broad foot-pavements, and tramways, extending 1440 yards. The Townhall, Cambridge Hall, and Atkinson Free Library, with the adjacent Bank Buildings, form a noble group of classical architecture near the west end of Lord-street. The Cambridge Hall takes its name from her Royal Highness Princess Mary of Cambridge, now Duchess of Teck, who laid the foundation-stone; it is the fine stone building, with a clock tower 132 ft. high, and with an arched loggia, shown in one of our Views. On the ground floor is the post-office, with the telegraph office; the upper floor is devoted to a grand hall, with galleries all round it, used for public balls and meetings, which will be the reception-room of the British Association. The Free Library and Fine-Art Galleries, a gift of Mr. William Atkinson to Southport, were opened in 1878; here picture exhibitions are held every year, and visitors have the use of a lending library free of charge.

The Winter Gardens, occupying a space of eight acres between Lord-street and the east end of the Marine Promenade, display a delightful combination of means of enjoyment. There is a Crystal Palace, a floral conservatory, a large Pavilion Theatre and Concert Hall, a covered promenade, a very fine Aquarium, a Skating Rink, and open terraces, gardens, lawns, and shrubberies facing the sea. The President of the Parliament of Science will read his opening Address, next Wednesday, in the Pavilion here, to an audience of two thousand or more; and here will be soirées on Thursday evening, and on Tuesday, the 25th. The Sections will sit from day to day in the Townhall, the Art Gallery, and other buildings. But we have still to notice the Botanic Gardens, situated at Churchtown, about three miles distant, which are tastefully laid out, with a very pretty winding lake, crossed by an ornamental bridge, a splendid glass Conservatory (shown in one of our Illustrations), a delicious Fernery, and rockeries,

fountains, plantations, and horticultural nurseries, not less attractive than interesting to the instructed botanist. In this direction, to the east of Southport, pleasant hills and woods are in sight, and Hesketh Park, which was presented to the town by the Rev. Charles Hesketh, Rector of the parish, has been made, by the care of the Municipal Corporation, a beautiful place of popular recreation. West Lancashire, from Ormskirk to Preston, within a few miles of the coast, is a pleasant country of varied scenery, quite free from smoke of factory-towns, with an undulating surface well wooded, and with fine parks and old historic mansions, worth going to see. The excursions arranged for members of the Association will take them to Lathom House, to Knowsley, to Ince Blundell, to Haigh Hall, to Stonyhurst and Whalley, to Furness Abbey and Windermere. For those of a different taste, there will be the Liverpool Docks, the Wigan coal and iron works, and the manufactories of glass and chemicals at St. Helen's. We must not omit to notice, at Southport itself, the occasion of opening the new extension building of the Convalescent Hospital, a beneficent institution to which Lancashire is much bound, and which is very deserving of public support. The extension was mainly provided by a surplus remaining of the fund subscribed for the relief of Lancashire distress in the Cotton Famine during the American Civil War twenty years ago.

PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION.

The Sadlerian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge University, Dr. Arthur Cayley, F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., will preside next week at Southport over the yearly Congress of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. This eminent mathematician is a son of the late Mr. Henry Cayley, who was a Russian merchant in London, and is related to the family of Sir Digby Cayley, Bart., of Brompton, Yorkshire. He was born at Richmond, Surrey, in 1821, and was educated at King's College, London, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1842, winning the double mathematical honour of Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman. He was elected, successively, Scholar and Fellow of Trinity College. In 1849 he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and has since practised as a conveyancer. When the Sadlerian Professorship was established, in 1863, Mr. Cayley was elected to be the first holder of this Chair; and it was in 1875, by the provisions of a College Statute enabling a Professor or Public Lecturer of the University to be chosen for a College Fellowship, that he became a Fellow of Trinity. Professor Cayley received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Laws from the University of Oxford in 1864, and next year that of Doctor of Laws from the University of Dublin: in 1875 the University of Leyden conferred upon him, most appropriately, that of Doctor of Mathematics and Physics. He is also a Corresponding Member of the Institute of France for the Section of Astronomy, a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, of the Royal Astronomical Society, and of several other scientific bodies, to whose discussions he has contributed many valuable papers.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Barraud, of Gloucester-place, Portman-square.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

The fifty-third meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science begins at Southport on Wednesday next. Mathematics are in the ascendancy this year; and a large gathering of mathematicians is anticipated, as a mark of respect to the President, Professor Cayley, once for some years a conveyancer in Lincoln's Inn, but tempted to desert the law by the offer, on its foundation in 1863, of the Sadlerian Professorship, at Cambridge, which enabled him to devote himself to the subject on which he had lectured at Cambridge before he was called to the Bar. In his Address he will show that mathematics are under obligation to questions of common life and to the physical sciences, and that the truths of mathematics are not exclusively founded on experience, but owe something to the operations of the mind. Professor Henrici, who has been Examiner for Honours in Mathematics at the Final Schools, Oxford, and who in 1880 exchanged the Chair of Pure Mathematics at University College for that of Applied Mathematics, is president in the Mathematical Section. His address will be on the teaching of pure geometry in England, with special regard to the desirability of introducing more generally modern synthetic methods. Professor Henrici, who was born at Meldorf, in Holstein, studied at Karlsruhe, Heidelberg, and Berlin. A mathematician, Professor Ball, the Irish Astronomer-Royal, delivers the first of the two evening lectures. His subject is the measurement of the distance of the sun. He will discuss the various methods of finding the distance, and he will show how the problem has been narrowed by recent research, and how much the minor planets help in arriving at a determination. He will also dwell upon the recent transit of Venus. Professor Ball is well known as a lucid and entertaining lecturer, and he possesses admirable means of illustration.

Geography will be presided over by Lieutenant-Colonel Godwin-Austen, the versatile naturalist who spent so many years in surveying and mapping more than 22,000 square miles of India, and accumulated vast stores of knowledge as to the geology and the natural history of the regions he traversed. In his address he will deal with the physical features of the Himalayas, the direction of different axis lines of elevation, the sub-Himalaya region, its formation and extent, and the former extent of the glaciers; and he will compare the glacial formation and action of the Himalayas with those of the Alps. There will be papers on Canada, apropos of the meeting there next year, and on the Congo.

In Mechanical Science, the president is Mr. James Brunlees, the railway and dock engineer. He will devote his address to the growth of mechanical appliances for the construction and the working of railways and docks, treating of permanent way, excavation, loading and unloading, signalling, hydraulic power, caissons, dry docks, and electricity as a motive power. Sir Frederick Bramwell, who is so well known as a witness in Patent cases and as a Patent Law reformer, is to deliver the address to the working classes of the town; and the subject chosen is that of speaking by electricity and by telephones, on which he lectured recently before the Institution of Civil Engineers.

In Geology the President is Professor W. C. Williamson, the eminent Manchester surgeon, who founded the local institution for diseases of the ear, who in youth studied the geology and natural history of the east coast of Yorkshire, and on his removal to Manchester devoted himself to the microscope and the coal-fields of Lancashire, practising his profession, holding a chair in Owens College, and now in the Victoria University, and making important discoveries in the border regions of animal and plant life, and also as to the structure of the plants of the coal measures. In his address he is to describe the present state of our knowledge of the vegetation of the carboniferous age. In doing this he will present a condensed view of his own discourses for many years, and will show their relation to the discoveries and hypotheses of others, and to the doctrines of the evolutionists, of whom he is avowedly one. The address will be illustrated by specimens.

In Biology Professor Ray Lankester presides. He is well known as a voluminous author on many biological and cognate subjects. He will not devote his address to abstract science; but he will plead for the endowment of research in zoology, botany, physiology, pathology, and anthropology, suggesting a scheme for the foundation of institutes such as exist in Germany and in France. He will urge that research ought not to be left to those with private means, none others being able to provide laboratories or to sacrifice the necessary time, and he will contend that fees paid for teaching ought not to be devoted to these purposes. Several important communications are expected on the structure of plants, especially with reference to the recent discovery of the continuity of the protoplasm of plant cells through the cell walls. The second evening lecture, on Galvanic and Animal Electricity, is by Professor M'Kendrick, the standard author on Physiology, who holds a chair at Glasgow and lectures at the Royal Institution.

In Anthropology the president is the Devonshire geologist and antiquarian Mr. Pengelly, whose address will be a retrospective and prospective review of his own explorations of the caverns of Devonshire.

In Chemistry, the president is Dr. J. H. Gladstone, who for thirty years devoted himself to researches in chemistry, spectroscopy, and optics, was Fullerian Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, and attained the presidency of the Chemical Society. He investigated and laid down the laws of chemical combination, and his address to the Section is to be on the Idea of Elements.

In Economic Science and Statistics, the president is Mr. R. H. Inglis Palgrave, whose family has been connected with the bank of Messrs. Gurney and Co. at Great Yarmouth from its commencement. He is the author of prize essays on Local Taxation and on Banking, and he will, in his address, review the history and position of Economical Science, the relation between the historical and the philosophical methods of teaching, and the bearings of the Science on subjects of present importance, such as the modern aspect of Socialism.

FIVE MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENT.

Sportsmen in the Scottish Highlands, whether deer-stalking, or grouse-shooting, or salmon-fishing be their chosen pursuit, will probably make acquaintance with a "gillie," who may be just such a hardy veteran, a genuine son of that "land of the mountain and the flood," as the brave old fellow portrayed on our front page. Donald, or whatever his name is, with many sterling North British virtues, has not the merit, in some persons' eyes, of being a tee-totaller; but it is seldom, if ever, that he has been seen "fou," or what we should call drunk. Pure Highland whisky, taken in a very small dose, may be recommended, perhaps, as an antidote to the ill-effects of a wetting, or of a chilly mist; but the truth is that he rather likes a drop. The fishing-basket which he has been carrying for a successful angler begins to feel heavy, though it be filled only with trout of moderate size; and he may be excused, after several hours of toil, in guiding, advising, and plying the gaff-net at needful moments, if he sits down and produces the pocket-flask, with a bit of oatcake or bannock. "Five minutes for refreshment," as they say at Mugby Junction on the railway journey from London to the North.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty, with her usual interest in art and its exponents, received at Balmoral Castle, a few days since, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Gye (Madame Albani) and Miss Clara Gye, they having previously lunched at the castle. Last Saturday the Queen, accompanied by Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice, drove to Birkhall and visited Colonel and Mrs. Stanley Clarke, they having previously been entertained at dinner by her Majesty. The Right Hon. Hugh Childers, who is Minister in attendance upon the Queen, and the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen joined the Royal circle at dinner. The Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod arrived, and performed Divine service on Sunday in the presence of her Majesty and the Royal family. The Queen, Princess Beatrice, Princess Christian, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and Princes Christian and Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, visited Braemar on Tuesday. Daily drives are taken by the Queen and the Princesses; and Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and Princes Christian Victor and Albert of Schleswig-Holstein are out every day either on moor or in forest, deer-stalking and deer-driving especially affording them excellent sport.

The *Gazette* announces that the Queen has been pleased, in the case of Prince Albert Victor of Wales, on whom the Order of the Garter was lately conferred to dispense with the statutes and regulations usually observed in regard to installation.

The Queen has signified her intention to subscribe two hundred pounds to the Mansion House Fund for the relief of the distress occasioned by the cholera in Egypt.

The arrangements for the visit of Princess Beatrice to Aberdeen on the 27th inst. are that she will be received by the Lord Provost and other leading citizens, and will then drive to the music-hall buildings, where she will open the bazaar in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital. After luncheon in the Townhall, her Royal Highness will proceed to Duthie Park, and formally open the pleasure-grounds presented by Miss Duthie, after which she returns to Balmoral.

The Duke of Albany, Provincial Grand Master of Freemasons for Oxfordshire, will take the chair at the next festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

At an early hour on the 5th inst. the marriage of Lady Leicester Philippa Stanhope, second daughter of the late Earl of Harrington, and Mr. William Sharp Walthman, of Merlin Park, Galway, was solemnised at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, with the strictest privacy, owing to the bride's family being in mourning. There were no bridesmaids. The Hon. Lincoln Stanhope was best man. The bride was attired in a white silk dress and white bonnet to match, and wore a diamond star, the gift of her sister-in-law, the Countess of Harrington, and a diamond necklace, her mother's gift. She was given away by the Earl of Harrington, her brother; but her other immediate relatives were not present.

At Redditch last week festivities on a large scale were given in honour of the arrival of Lord Windsor after his marriage, the bride and bridegroom being entertained at luncheon.

The marriage of Mr. Silber and Lady Lucy Vaughan, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne, will take place early in October.

Last month the total weight of fish delivered at and near Billingsgate Market was 10,522 tons, of which 7635 tons came by land and 2887 tons by water. Of this quantity the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized 60 tons 16 cwt., as unfit for human food. At Columbia Market only half a ton of bad fish was seized during August.

MUSIC.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

Our last week's record of this celebration necessarily left unnoticed some of the performances, among them the two sacred works composed expressly for this occasion—Dr. Stainer's "St. Mary Magdalen" and Dr. Arnold's "Sennacherib"—each of which was performed in the cathedral, conducted by its composer. The text of Dr. Stainer's cantata is compiled by the Rev. W. J. Sparrow-Simpson, and is laid out in three scenes, entitled, respectively, "The Magdalen in the House of Simon," "The Magdalen by the Cross," and "The Magdalen at the Sepulchre." The work opens with an overture, which includes the novel feature of some interspersed recitative passages for a bass voice. The movement has much musical interest, and well foreshadows the pathetic nature of the subject of the cantata. It is, perhaps, in the choral music that Dr. Stainer has succeeded most, particularly in the choruses, "Come, ye Sin-defiled," an expressive piece of vocal harmony; "For none of us liveth to himself," a bright and effective closing to the first part; a highly characteristic chorus of Roman soldiers, "Let Christ the King descend" (a movement including an ingenious combination of dupe and triple rhythms); "Rest in peace," a gracefully melodious chorus, with which the second part ends; "Awake, awake," a good piece of plain vocal writing; "He is not here," a well contrasted combination of chorus and contralto solo, full of expressive melody and pleasing harmony; and the closing movement of the cantata, "Magdalena past is wailing," one of the most important divisions of the work, including some excellent contrasts between the solo quartet and the chorus, and forming an effective and appropriate climax. The airs for soprano and tenor, "Ah! woe is me," and "O thou that weepst," have much pathetic character, which was well realised, respectively, by Miss A. Williams and Mr. E. Lloyd. The incidental contralto solos were well sung by Miss H. Wilson, as were those for bass by Mr. F. King.

Of Dr. Arnold's "Sennacherib" very brief notice will suffice. The text of this has been selected from the Scriptures by the Rev. F. H. Arnold, and deals with the narrative well-known to Bible students. The music is a compound of crude triviality and bombast that should never have found a public hearing under any conditions, especially not at a great Festival held in a grand religious temple. Alike in its orchestral, choral, and solo details, the cantata is a specimen of ambitious incapacity, and, although it was well rendered in every respect, its performance had a painful effect of irreverence on all who have a competent knowledge of musical art and a respect for sacred surroundings. The ungrateful task of the solo vocalists was well fulfilled by Mdlle. Avigliana, Mr. B. Newth, and Mr. F. King. "St. Mary Magdalen" was followed by the fine old anthems, "Bow Thine ear" (Dr. Byrd) and "Hosanna to the Son of David" (Orlando Gibbons)—excellent specimens of a long-past English school of Church composition—and Beethoven's Mass in C, the soloists in which were Miss A. Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. B. Newth, and Mr. F. King. After the performance of "Sennacherib," Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was given—this fine work having come with welcome contrast to the music which preceded it. The solo vocalists in the Hymn were: Miss M. Davies, Mrs. Warren, and Mr. E. Lloyd.

M. Gounod's "Redemption," on the Thursday morning, drew the largest audience of the week—indeed, the cathedral was crowded to an extent rarely equalled. The oratorio has been so fully commented on in reference to its first production at the Birmingham Festival of last year, and its subsequent performances elsewhere, that no fresh tribute need now be rendered to merits which have procured its success in various parts of this country and abroad. It was generally well rendered at Gloucester, and evidently made a deep impression on the audience, many of whom had, doubtless, not previously heard the work. The principal solo music was effectively sung by Miss A. Williams, Mdlle. Avigliana, Miss H. Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. B. Newth, Mr. Santley, and Mr. F. King—an incidental passage for the impenitent thief having been assigned to Mr. Brereton. M. Gounod's oratorio was preceded by a new "Elegiac Symphony," composed by Dr. C. V. Stanford, and conducted by Mr. C. H. Lloyd, in the unavoidable absence of the composer. The symphony consists of the full complement of four movements—an "Allegro appassionato," a "Lento espressivo," a "Scherzo," and a final "Allegro." There is much skilful orchestral writing throughout the work, of which a future opportunity will doubtless afford occasion for further notice.

Of the closing oratorio performance—"The Messiah," on the Friday morning—it is only necessary to say that the solo vocalists were Misses M. Davies, A. Williams, and H. Wilson, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. F. King.

Of the production of Dr. C. H. Parry's setting, as a choral ode, of Shireley's "Death's Final Conquest"—at the first Shirehall concerts, we have already spoken. Another specialty of the programme was the admirable rendering of the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto, by Mr. Carrodus, who introduced a very difficult and effective cadenza by Molique. Chopin's ballade in G minor (for the pianoforte) was cleverly played by Miss Amy Harer, and a miscellaneous selection was contributed by some of the principal vocalists, the chorus, and the orchestra. The second and last of these concerts included an effective performance of Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis-Night" music (the vocal solos by Madame Patey, Mr. B. Newth, and Mr. Santley), and miscellaneous vocal and orchestral pieces not calling for special mention.

The festival was supplemented—as it was inaugurated—by a special service in the cathedral, the musical portions of which included the co-operation of the orchestra and chorus. A new anthem—"Blessed is he that considereth the poor"—was produced, composed for the occasion, by Mr. C. H. Lloyd. It opens with a flowing and well-sustained chorus, which is followed by a well-written tenor solo, "The Lord comfort him"; and concludes with a very effective choral movement, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel," in which is some very skilful fugue writing.

Mr. C. L. Williams (organist of Gloucester Cathedral) was an efficient conductor of the performances, with the exception of novelties directed as already specified—Mr. L. Colborne (of Hereford Cathedral) was the organist, and Mr. Done (of Worcester Cathedral) and Mr. C. H. Lloyd officiated occasionally as accompanists at the pianoforte.

The financial results of the festival cannot yet be definitively stated. The amount of the collections was lower than usual—little more than £490—but that will be largely increased by the donations of the honorary stewards, and other sums received subsequently from various quarters, by which it is believed about £1688 will be realised. As was said in our preliminary notice, the benevolent object of these three-choirs celebrations (aid to the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy of the associated dioceses of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford) is solely served by the collections at the cathedral and donations, which are untouched for any other purpose—the proceeds from the sale of tickets being appropriated to the expenses of the festival, any deficit in this respect being shared by the honorary stewards, about 200 gentlemen having acted in that capacity at last week's Gloucester celebration, which, it is said, leaves a balance of some £500 on the wrong side.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

MISS ANDERSON IN "INGOMAR."

Draughtsman, photographer, and engraver have combined this week to portray the charming and talented young American actress, whose first appearance on the English stage, in the vestal garments of Parthenia, was duly noticed here last week. Miss Mary Anderson appears to have been irresistibly drawn to the profession which she adorns. She was born on July 28, 1859, at Sacramento, on the Pacific slope. Mary Anderson was but a child when her father died, and her mother married Dr. Hamilton Griffin, a surgeon in the Confederate Army, resident at Louisville. Vainly did Dr. and Mrs. Griffin strive to wean her, in girlhood, from the theatre. Acting was destined to be her vocation. The determined little novice commenced her theatrical career with one signal advantage. She had the good fortune to study under the late Miss Charlotte Cushman; and so greatly did Mary Anderson profit by the tuition of this accomplished and estimable lady, that she achieved instant success when she made her debut, at the age of sixteen, in the debutante's favourite character of Juliet, at Louisville. Miss Mary Anderson leapt from success to success; and St. Louis, New Orleans, and the other leading cities of the United States successively encouraged the fascinating Juliet along the thorny path that is not always strewn with roses. Her repertoire is rich and varied, comprising the rôles of the heroines in "The Hunchback," "The Lady of Lyons," "Fazio," "Evadne," "Guy Mannering," "Ion," "Macbeth," "Ingomar," "The Daughter of Roland," and "Pygmalion and Galatea." Considering that Miss Anderson is but twenty-four, her future should have many brilliant triumphs in store. Her grace, beauty, and naturalness as Parthenia have won for her a warm reception at the Lyceum; and our bewitching visitor has every reason to be satisfied with the magnificence of "Ingomar" from a scenic point of view, and contented with the stalwart chieftain provided for her in the person of Mr. J. H. Barnes. Miss Anderson is delineated in some of her most statuesque poses by Mr. Harry Furniss, who also gives sketches of handsome Mr. Barnes as Ingomar, Mr. W. H. Stephens as Myron, Mrs. A. Stirling as Actea, and that quaint low comedian, Mr. J. G. Taylor, as Polydor. Whether she appears as Julia, Juliet, or Galatea, we shall all look forward with pleasure to see Miss Mary Anderson in her next assumption at the Lyceum. Our Portrait is from a fine photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of Ebury-street, Fimlico. It may also be mentioned that other good photographic portraits of Miss Anderson have been taken by Mr. Van der Weyde, of Regent-street.

It is a far cry from the Strand Lyceum to the New Lyceum. Yet echoes have reached London concerning the opening with particular éclat of the sumptuous and elegant new theatre in Grindley-street Edinburgh, on Monday evening, the 12th inst. Designed by Mr. C. J. Phipps, the New Lyceum is a handsome addition to the playhouses of the United Kingdom. Messrs. Howard and Wyndham's fine theatre was appropriately inaugurated by the famous Lyceum Company, Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry delighting the brilliant audience in the grand revival of "Much Ado About Nothing." The performances were prefaced by the delivery of a well-written address by Mr. Howard, and closed with a modest speech by Mr. Irving, who was afterwards entertained at supper.

One hears of so many persons visiting Drury Lane Theatre on account of the welcome abolition by Mr. Augustus Harris of all fees (except the legitimate entrance-fee), that it may be fairly hoped this energetic young Manager will in the end lose nothing by moving with the times in this respect. The remarkably resplendent, spectacular melodrama of "Freedom," abounding in stirring incidents and beautiful tableaux, has been since Saturday last preceded by a brightly-mounted comedietta, entitled "The Opera Cloak," by Mr. L. D. Powles and Mr. Harris. Very diverting are the perplexities and jealousies created by the discovery of an innocent missive in a pocket-book placed in a lady's opera cloak. A challenge to a duel arises from the fruitful crop of misunderstandings, which threaten to spoil the evening party for Mr. Hopley Malt (Mr. Harry Jackson), Colonel O'Brien (Mr. Henry George), and another suspicious husband. But the hostile expedition to Ostend is eventually found to be unnecessary by the simple explanation that the note in the opera cloak was only the pianist's acceptance of an engagement to play at the party. The dry humour of Mr. Harry Nicholls invests the part of the luckless pianist, Mr. Distin Kettle, with much drollery. Indeed, "The Opera Cloak" is acted throughout with spirit by Mr. Jackson, Mr. George, Mr. W. Morgan (the stuttering lover), Miss Fanny Enson, Miss M. A. Victor, and Miss Lillie Young, who, as Lucy, in the end pairs off with her Anastatius, and, it is to be hoped, lives happily ever after.

As *première danseuse* and a burlesque dancer of infinite lightness and witchery, Miss Kate Vaughan has won laurels innumerable, and enough bouquets to deck a second Kew. Longing for fresh worlds to conquer, this personification of seductive grace on Saturday set the Gaiety-matinée ball rolling; and exercised her spells as Peggy in a new version of Wycherley's "Country Girl," and as Mr. Millais's Cinderella in a fresh edition of the nursery story by Mr. R. Reece. Miss Vaughan was exceedingly charming in both parts.

Another London stage favourite, Miss Gerard, has flitted across the Atlantic from the popular little theatre in King William-street; and the rôle of the demure and pretty Quakeress in the late Mr. Tom Robertson's comedy of "M.P." is taken at Toole's by Miss Maud Robertson, the clever young daughter of the dramatist.

Writers of plays have before now poked good-humoured fun at the newly rich vain enough to imagine they could win fashionable favour by running a newspaper as they would a shoddy establishment, and purchase brains as they would buy hops. Mr. T. W. Robertson struck dramatic "ile" first in London with this pick in "Society." And is there not a smart French comedy, which holds "the mirror" up to nature as regards the meddling and audacious Paul Prys of journalism, whose effrontery is incurable? The familiar theme is smartly treated in a lively new comedy, "The Glass of Fashion," wherewith the Globe Theatre was reopened as a "Comedy House" last Saturday night by Mr. John Hollingshead and Mr. J. L. Shine. The name of Mr. Sydney Grundy alone appears as author on the circular bill of the play; but when "The Glass of Fashion" first flashed on the provinces it reflected the features of another pungent dramatist as collaborateur with the writer of "Mammon." Be this fact explained as it may, there can be no question the piece afforded much amusement. Laughter at the verbal fireworks was general. As a matter of art, indeed, the comedy would have been considerably improved had some of the time and care bestowed upon the manufacture of mirth-moving sallies been devoted to polishing the plot and rounding the characters. There are two strings to the story—the scheming of an unscrupulous Prince Borowski to get a headstrong beauty addicted to card-playing into his power; and the troubles that overwhelm Mr. John Macadam directly he has acquired possession of "The Glass of Fashion," encumbered with a Mr. Prior Jenkyn, who brings down upon

his proprietor's head no end of threats of actions for libel. But throughout the four acts these two strings are pulled with an awkwardness surprising on the part of one who has served a long apprenticeship in translating from the French. Mr. Grundy has clearly not yet learnt the art that conceals art. The audience overlooks the crudeness because of the witticisms. That the backbone of the plot would have borne strengthening, however, is palpable from the deep interest aroused by the moving scene in Borowski's studio, which pretty Mrs. Trevanion visits to sit to the counterfeit Prince for her portrait, and in which she is placed by that consummate scoundrel in a position so perilous to her fair fame that it is only by a clever and ingenious ruse on the part of her shrewd young sister Peg and Peg's sweetheart that she is saved at the moment of her husband's arrival. The interest thus awakened is ably sustained in the closing act by reason of the quiet, natural acting of Mr. H. J. Lethcourt as Colonel Trevanion in the scene, wherein he regains the affections of his estranged wife by the revelation that she was fortuneless when he married her for herself alone. The fall of a heavily laden chimney-piece on the first night slightly discomposed the leading personages in this sympathetic scene; but "The Glass of Fashion" survived; and the author and clever company received the plaudits of an enthusiastic house. It should be added that Miss Lingard's charms of person gave distinction to the part of the wilful beauty, Mrs. Trevanion; that Miss Carlotta Leclercq scarcely presented the caste of Lady Clara Vere de Vere as Lady Coombe, albeit this accomplished actress performed with aplomb; that Miss Lottie Venne was an incomparably ingenuous ingénue as Peg O'Reilly; that Mr. Shine's ruddy portrait of Macadam was ever welcome. Mr. Beerbohm Tree presented one of his best and most finished studies of character in Prince Borowski; and the remaining rôles of prominence were creditably sustained by Mr. H. J. Lethcourt, Mr. Charles A. Smily, and Mr. E. W. Gardiner. The comedy was preceded by an entertaining little story of an elopement, "Elsie," by Mr. F. W. Broughton.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

The programme for the Doncaster week was not a particularly strong one, and, on Monday, the heavy rain which fell incessantly from morning till night did not give much promise of a pleasant meeting. However, matters improved considerably in that respect on the following day, and, at the time of writing, the weather seems favourable enough. The first race on the card was, as usual, the Fitzwilliam Stakes, which was won by Whitebine, who has been a most useful horse this year; he only just beat the two-year-old, Perdita II., by a neck, however, and no one cared to give the £1000 at which he might have been claimed. In the unexpected absence of Thebais (9 st. 2 lb.), class was very badly represented in the Great Yorkshire Handicap, as may be imagined from the fact that the very moderate Duke of Albany (6 st. 2 lb.) was made a warm favourite. He never gave his supporters the least hope of winning their money, and S. Loates took matters so easily on Vista (6 st. 11 lb.) at the finish, that she was as nearly as possible caught by Lizzie (6 st. 2 lb.). This pair ran away from the rest of the field, and the fair show made by Lizzie gave a certain amount of encouragement to the admirers of Highland Chief for the big race. The Champagne Stakes was by far the most interesting event of the day, though there were only four starters. Still the antagonism of the three crack fillies—Superba, Wild Thyme, and Spring Morn—who had never met previously, caused the greatest excitement. Despite the capital performance of Spring Morn at Derby, where she beat Reprieve easily, odds were laid on Superba, who won in the commonest of canters, Spring Morn being second, and Wild Thyme third. This was the best of all Superba's fine performances; and she has unquestionably proved herself the best two-year-old that has appeared in public this season, with the possible exception of Duke of Richmond. Sandiway was not sent to Doncaster, and, in her absence, the Filly Stakes was reduced to a match between Green Light and Traviata, the odds of 5 to 2 that were laid on the latter being upset by a head, after a rare race.

None of the "ragged division" who had been put down as probable starters for the St. Leger came to the post, after all, except Cecil Craven, whose mission was to make the running for Ossian; and, as Grandmaster was scratched during the morning, the runners only numbered ten. There was little change in the betting prior to the start, though Highland Chief receded slightly, and was not a much better favourite than Royal Angus. Ossian was first away; but when the horses had settled down, Cecil Craven drew to the front, and made the running from Ossian, Chislehurst, Prince, and Elzevir, with Ladislas, Cornfield, and Royal Angus in the rear. There was little change in the order named until passing the Rifle Butts, where Ossian ran up to Cecil Craven, and the pair went on from Chislehurst, Prince, Elzevir, and Highland Chief, with Ladislas, Royal Angus, and Cornfield still in the rear. Half a mile from home Cecil Craven and Cornfield dropped right away, and Ossian came on from Chislehurst, Prince, Highland Chief, Elzevir, and Royal Angus, till a quarter of a mile from the winning-post, when the two favourites were beaten, and Ossian, who always had the best of Chislehurst, won by three lengths; Highland Chief, who broke down a quarter of a mile from home, was a bad third, Elzevir was fourth, Prince next, and Cornfield last. Thus the spell that seemed to hang over winners of the Great Yorkshire Stakes has been broken at last, and Ossian, who has fairly run himself into form—for this is his tenth race during the present season—won a very popular victory for the Duke of Hamilton. His success was mainly due to his superior staying powers, as neither Royal Angus nor The Prince, who looked well until reaching the bend, could get more than a mile and a half.

Messrs. Tattersall began their week's work in the sale paddock in very inauspicious fashion, as, out of the fifty-six yearlings offered, only twenty-four changed hands, and even these were sold at sadly unremunerative prices. Mr. Rothschild bought an own brother to Brag, by Struan—Bonnie, for 200 guineas; and the highest price of the day was only 270 guineas, which Mr. W. P. Anson gave for a beautiful colt from the Marden Deer Park Stud, by Craig Millar—Princess Louise Victoria.

The cricket season is dying very hard; still, there will be nothing more of importance after the present week. Notts and Lancashire have inflicted a crushing defeat on a very weak eleven of England, winning the match in one innings with 31 runs to spare. Ten out of the twelve who represented the combined counties got into double figures, Shrewsbury (50), Barnes (50), and Gunn (51) doing most towards a total of 348; and Mr. C. J. Thornton (49) was the highest scorer on the other side. A drawn match between the Surrey eleven and twenty-four colts of the county has served to introduce two really good men in Mr. C. T. Roller and English. The former scored 57 in fine style; whilst English, besides batting fairly well, took five of the best wickets for only 12 runs, a truly remarkable performance.



SKETCHES FROM "INGOMAR" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.



A MAID OF KENT.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

Since I last wrote, a further severe fall has occurred in Mexican Railway ordinary stock, the publication, on the 6th inst., of traffic showing a decrease of £10,000 for the week having caused the price to descend sharply to 91, while subsequently there was a further descent to 81½. "Bear" operations were not wholly responsible for this renewed break-down, which was, in fact, partly due to the forced closing of some extensive accounts for the rise through the embarrassment of an outside firm. It has come to be more generally believed that the adverse speculation has been greatly overdone, and the low price reached by the stock has in consequence attracted some very solid buying. It is probable that the next week or two will show further large decreases in the traffic, owing to the interruption in the carrying business caused by the yellow fever at Vera Cruz; but, as I mentioned last week, railway material continues to be sent out to Mexico, and when the fever abates an expansion in the Mexican Railway Company's business will, it is confidently anticipated in well-informed quarters, take place.

There has been a cessation of the rumours as to the Mexican Government having failed to meet its subventions to the companies. Those rumours were based upon the acknowledged impecunious condition of the national Exchequer; but until the efforts to raise the £4,000,000 required by the Government fail—if, which is by no means certain, they are destined to fail—the claims of the railway companies will continue, as hitherto, to be punctually met; so that there is at present no reason to look for a check to the construction of the new lines. The National and Central systems, so far as they are projected, will act rather as feeders to than as competitors of the Vera Cruz line, although some of the projected branches of the former can hardly fail later on to interfere with the business of the old company. This, however, is a somewhat remote danger, but one which has, nevertheless, been pretty fully discounted of late. What the stockholders have to consider is that, although the period of colossal dividends is passed, the normal position of the company is likely to be a constantly improving one.

Metropolitan District Railway stock has once more come into speculative favour, and the price has been rapidly run up to a high figure. The expansion in the company's business due to the Fisheries Exhibition has been very striking, the increase in the traffic since the beginning of the current half-year having averaged over £700 per week. There is some talk of the present exhibition being kept open until the end of November, and of its being followed by others in the ensuing two or three years. In the meantime the Inner Circle is rapidly nearing completion, and when the two metropolitan lines are definitely linked together, which is expected in March next, the "District" will be belittled into a vastly superior position to the one it now holds. That event will, moreover, bring into view the prospect of a close working alliance between the two underground companies, which is certainly not susceptible of negotiation while one of them is not earning a dividend on its ordinary stock. There is always a danger about the "District" which the proprietors should closely look after—namely, the adventurous policy of the Board, which on each occasion when a dividend has seemed to be coming into view has at once launched out into some extravagant expenditure on extensions that give little promise of an early return on the outlay. These costly extensions into outlying districts should be checked if the ordinary stockholders are desirous of ever receiving a dividend. Owners of land and house/property in and about the quarters that are from time to time invaded by these extensions might perhaps not agree as to the expediency of such a change of policy; but unless it be adopted, neither an occasional exhibition at South Kensington, the completion of the Inner Circle, nor any other important advantage, will permanently benefit the pocket of the ordinary stockholder.

The Stock Exchange settlement which began yesterday disclosed an exceptionally small speculative "account" for the rise in any department. Hence the rates of continuation were, as a rule, lighter than was the case a fortnight ago, the fact that money was cheaper being only partially the cause of the very moderate "contangoes" that prevailed. A notable feature was that the bulk of the operators for the fall in Mexican railway ordinary stock were able "to continue" their engagements without charge, or actually received a "contango" from the "bulls." It is evident therefore that a considerable amount of real stock has recently come upon the market, which goes far to account for the breakdown in the price. North-Eastern Railway stock has become the object of a "bear" raid, and an adverse pamphlet has been issued to aid the fall. The floating supply of stock is, however, decidedly short, and a substantial premium was paid for the loan of it at the settlement. In the foreign market, again, the late preponderance of sales and consequent low prices have led to a considerable absorption of various classes of bonds by investors, and the supply was found to be by no means large for the purposes of the settlement; whence it resulted that loans for the fortnight on such speculative kinds as Spanish, Mexican, and Turkish were obtained in the "House" at 3 to 4 per cent per annum. T. S.

A MAID OF KENT.

The Garden of England, as Kentishmen have fondly called their native county, produces beautiful girls, beyond question, and its hop-bines are quite as beautiful as the vines of Southern Europe. This gentle maiden, who is, for aught we can tell, the squire's daughter, gracefully diverting herself amidst the hop-poles wreathed with that joyous climbing plant, now ripe for gathering, with its bright leaves, its delicate tendrils, and its valuable fruit, is "a Maid of Kent" worthy of the Artist's pencil. Her attire, indeed, might have been more appropriate to the scene, with a degree of rustic simplicity, which would not have been less elegant and lady-like; but she is a charming person, in the drawing-room or in the field.

Pendleton Mill, near Halifax, was destroyed by fire last Saturday morning.

The police authorities have, it is stated, received information from the banking companies that there are at the present time upwards of 20,000 spurious Australian and other sovereigns in circulation. These base coins are somewhat more difficult to detect than the spurious ones usually in circulation, inasmuch as, in addition to being of superior make and finish, they contain about 7s. 6d. worth of gold.

The Trades Union Congress, which is held this year at Nottingham, assembled on Monday. Very important questions are discussed at these meetings. On Tuesday, Mr. Smith, the President, delivered his inaugural address, dwelling on the beneficial action of trades unions in improving the position of workpeople and in assisting the equal distribution of wealth. The report of the Parliamentary Committee was afterwards discussed and adopted.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Sept. 11.

Adieu to the delights of yellow sands, the distractions of the seaside casinos, the comfort of canvas shoes, tweed suits, and round hats, irreverently styled "pot hats" by the studious youth of the Universities! Paris is beginning to recall her errant children, and the boulevards are beginning to rejoice in the return of their delicately-shod habitués, the *boulevardiers aux belles bottines*, as the poet Banville calls them. The moment of the *rentrée* is approaching, and soon the gay capital will resume its accustomed air of elegance and vivacity.

The first sign of the revival of Parisian life is the reopening of the theatres, and this week the grave critics have had more than one occasion to wield their judicial pens, though, of course, so early in the season no important novelties have yet been produced. The great news in the theatrical world is the return of Damala, that famous and fantastic personage whose career reminds one of that of Fritz in the "Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein." M. Jaques Damala, it will be remembered, became in a moment of caprice the husband of Sarah Bernhardt, to the astonishment of all Europe. Then, for some time, we heard of nothing but M. Damala's projects for elevating the standard of dramatic art in France. M. Damala, M. Damala's personal elegance, M. Damala's equipages, M. Damala's want of histrionic talent, were the talk of Paris. But one fine morning the domestic horizon of the little villa in the Avenue de Villiers grew cloudy; there was a storm—a furious storm; and we next heard that M. Damala had enlisted in the foreign legion, and had distinguished himself by capturing several scantily-clothed marauders on the African frontier. Then, little by little, people forgot all about M. Damala, until the other day, when his return to Paris was announced, together with his engagement at the Gymnase, and his separation *à l'aimable* from his talented wife. And so, once more Sarah Bernhardt is herself again, and Fritz returns to the ranks after his brief period of temporary and agitated splendour.

Still other and sadder news in the theatrical world are the deaths of Paul Siraudin, and of Geoffroy, the admirable comedian of the Palais Royal. Siraudin was a great Parisian character, although a modest and retiring man, only Siraudin was remarkably bald, and, being a well-known man as a dramatic author, his baldness became typical and legendary, and no joke about baldness was considered even passable unless Siraudin's name was brought in. In reference to this phenomenon Siraudin had one conclusive reply, *Chauve qui peut*. Siraudin, who was seventy-one years of age, began writing for the stage at the age of twenty. His repertory is immense, and consists of vaudevilles, comedies, dramas, parodies, operettas, almost all of which have had but the ephemeral success that such compositions usually deserve. Siraudin was one of the authors of the immortal "Fille de Madame Angot." Geoffroy was sixty-three years of age, and during twenty-one years he had been at the Palais Royal Theatre one of the finest and most national amusers of Paris. No words can describe the perfection of his acting. Indeed, he hardly played his rôles; he seemed to live them. In Geoffroy the French stage loses one of its glories, and the Palais Royal an actor who contributed more than any other in the old troupe to win for it its European reputation. Before quitting the subject of the stage, I must mention the death of M. Léon Halévy, a distinguished savant, dramatist, and poet, and the father of M. Ludovic Halévy, the well-known collaborator of M. Henri Meilhac. M. Léon Halévy's last publication was an excellent drama in verse, "Luther."

The politicians continue to discuss the results of the death of the Comte de Chambord, or rather of the incidents that attended his burial. The Republicans continue to rejoice over the disagreement of the Monarchists, while the Monarchists rejoice, or pretend to rejoice, over their perfect union, and would have one believe that they are preparing a fine campaign with a view to the elevation to the throne of the Comte de Paris. In this concert of joy the old Ultramontane *Univers* has distinguished itself by a discordant note. Without actually disputing the right of the Comte de Paris, and preferring to him some Spanish Prince, the *Univers* asks what policy the Comte de Paris would follow if he were to come to the throne? Would he be the champion of divine right, or the product of universal suffrage? As the organ of Catholic France the *Univers* asks permission to moderate its enthusiasm until this question is answered. The point is really vital, for if the Comte de Paris is a partisan of Constitutional Royalty, of a royalty founded on popular assent, he can hardly count upon the clerical *clientèle* that the Comte de Chambord and the theocratic royalty had. In the eyes of the French Catholics the theocratic monarchy of the Comte de Chambord was preferable to all other forms of government, whereas a Constitutional Royalty, from the religious point of view, is not a whit better than a Republic; for in both cases it is public opinion that governs, and public opinion in modern France is not more favourable to the pretensions of the Church than it is in the other monarchical countries of Europe. It is important, at any rate, for the French Catholics to know whether the Orleans Princes are dominated by the interests of the Church or by political passions. And when all is said and done, perhaps of all things the Orleans Princes most desire to live in peace and enjoy their princely fortunes.

But, whatever be the régime, as long as France remains France, Paris will remain one of the oddest and most amusing places in the world—a place full of strange contrasts. Thus, the other day, while the Ministers were dispensing floods of Republican eloquence on the occasion of the unveiling of a statue of La Fayette at Puy, the Parisians trooped in thousands to see the King of Spain start at the Gare de Lyon. And King Alfonso did not, like the fine lady in the story, mount a white horse, nor was he gorgeously apparelled. No; Republican Paris applauded a prosaic King, who wore a black-and-white check suit, a billycock hat, a light-coloured scarf and pin, and lavender gloves stitched with black—the costume of a Regent-street counter-jumper on his way to Margate sands. Shade of Louis XIV., how you must pity our prosaic age! T. C.

The Emperor William went to Potsdam on the 6th inst., and dined at the Crown Prince's Palace, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught also being present. Last Saturday the Duke attended the manoeuvres of the Guards, near Potsdam. The Prince of Wales called on the Empress at Homburg on the 5th. The Emperor returned to Berlin on Sunday. The Crown Prince of Portugal arrived at Berlin on Monday. His Royal Highness was received at the station by the German Crown Prince and several military and diplomatic dignitaries, and a guard of honour was furnished by a company of the Kaiser Alexander Regiment, with band and colours. In the evening, in honour of his Royal guest, the Emperor gave a banquet of sixty covers, the company including the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. On Tuesday the Emperor William proceeded to Potsdam, and attended a dinner given by the Crown Prince at his palace in honour of the Crown Prince of Portugal.

The infant daughter of the Crown Prince and Princess of Austria was christened on the 5th inst. at the Château of

Laxenburg, in presence of the Imperial family and the Court. The Empress Elizabeth acted as godmother to the child, who received the names of Maria Henrietta Gisela Stefania. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Vienna.—The King of Spain arrived at Vienna on Sunday night, and was received by the Emperor and the Crown Prince, who conducted him to the Hofburg, where he is the guest of the Imperial family.—The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Vienna on Sunday evening, and alighted at the Russian Embassy.—The celebration of the bi-centenary of the relief of Vienna and the defeat of the Turks by Sobieski began on Tuesday with the unveiling of a memorial tablet on the Kahlenberg hills near the city. A popular fête took place in the Prater in the afternoon.—Riots took place on the 6th inst. in Neu Lerchenfeld, a suburb of Vienna, but were speedily suppressed by the troops, who charged the mob with swords and bayonets.—The rising in Croatia is assuming formidable proportions, several encounters having taken place in different parts of the province between the insurgents and the military. Baron Ramberg, the new Governor, has had the Hungarian arms again set up with bilingual inscriptions, and saluted by the military, who are posted outside the Government offices.

On Sunday morning the consecration of the Russian Chapel at Copenhagen took place with great ceremony. The principal streets were gaily decorated with flags, and thronged with crowds of spectators. The Emperor and Empress of Russia, the King and Queen of Greece, the Princess of Wales, and all the members of the Danish Royal family, with their children, were present, except the Duchess of Cumberland, who was indisposed. The members of the Russian Embassy and Baron Mohrenheim, the officers and fifty of the crew of the Russian Imperial yacht *Derjava*, and the suites of the Russian, Greek, and English Imperial and Royal visitors also assisted at the ceremony, which was performed by the Father Confessor of the Empress of Russia, assisted by the chaplains of the Russian Embassy and the *Derjava*. At noon a state luncheon was given on board the *Derjava*, at which the Emperor of Russia proposed the health of the Danish Royal family. The King of Denmark, in reply, proposed the health of the Imperial family of Russia. The Czar afterwards drank the health of the King and Queen of Greece, and of Baron Mohrenheim, the present Russian Ambassador in England, and formerly in Denmark, and the founder of the chapel. The Royal family returned to Fredensborg. Last Tuesday being the name-day of the Emperor of Russia, a grand mass was celebrated at the new chapel.

Lord Coleridge reached Boston on Thursday week, and was hospitably received by the representatives of the Massachusetts Bar. Last Saturday he witnessed a special exhibition of the fire department, and in the afternoon attended the Bar Association's reception, at which 200 persons were present. The Boston correspondent of the *Daily News* says Lord Coleridge won the heart of Boston by his speech at the banquet on Saturday evening, given him by the City Government. After alluding to the kindness shown him everywhere he had been in America, he said—

"I yet can truly say that never in my life till now in this splendid and magnificent city have I so earnestly and unfeignedly desired that some more adequate example of my dear old country was before your eyes, that there was some more competent exponent of the learning, the eloquence, and the refinement of Englishmen than an old and weary lawyer, who, although by some accident he chances to have attained and to hold all but the very highest and proudest station in that great profession to which it is his pride and privilege to belong, has never ceased to wonder how he came to hold it." After speaking of Bunker's Hill and other historical places, he continued: "You have a history of which any commonwealth may justly be proud. You bred Franklin, Webster, Joseph Story, and Theodore Parker. Webster, whose hand I was privileged as a boy at Eton to press when he was in England, and whose eloquence I have humbly studied since; Story, a household word with every English lawyer; Theodore Parker, perhaps one of your highest and greatest souls. Hawthorne, if you will forgive the expression of a foreigner, is perhaps, taken altogether, almost your foremost man of letters; Longfellow, the delight and darling of two hemispheres; Dr. Holmes, the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, the autocrat, if he chose, of every dinner-table too; but there, I am told he is content to play the part of a constitutional sovereign; Emerson, as broad and strong as one of your long rivers, and as pure; Mr. Lowell, I am proud to say my own honest friend and your representative this moment in my own country. Like Garrick in Reynolds's picture, he excels either in tragedy or comedy, and is delightful whether as Hosea Biglow or James Russell Lowell; skilled with equal genius to move the hearts of his readers to smiles or tears. And Mr. Howells, the last of your American invaders who has taken England by storm;—these are your glories; these the men who make your history, and of whom you ought to be proud." Concluding, he said, "England and America are one in blood, in language, in law, one in hatred of oppression and love of liberty. We are bound together by God himself in golden chains of mutual affection and mutual respect, and the two nations so joined I am firmly convinced man will never put asunder."

When Lord Coleridge resumed his seat the whole company rose to their feet and cheered him. On Monday his Lordship attended the Boston Exhibition, and he was afterwards the guest of Governor Butler on board his yacht.—The Northern Pacific Railroad was formally opened last Saturday. President Villard drove a golden spike through the last rail at Mullans Tunnel, west of Helena, Montana territory, and afterwards delivered an address. Mr. William M. Evarts, ex-Secretary of State, spoke eloquently of the occasion and the enterprise.—The *Standard* New York correspondent telegraphs a rumour of a gift of fourteen millions sterling having been made by Mr. J. J. Astor to his son, in order to avoid disputes about his will, to preserve the estate as a whole, and to conceal the exact amount of his wealth.—The Utah Commission reports to the Interior Department that under the operation of the Edmunds Law depriving polygamists of the suffrage nearly 15,000 Mormons have been disfranchised in Utah territory. Only three convictions in the criminal prosecutions for polygamy have, however, been secured.

Some miscellaneous scraps of news are appended:—Admiral Pierre, who commanded the French squadron at Madagascar, died on Tuesday at Marseilles.—An International Veterinary Congress was opened at Brussels on Monday, and will hold its sittings till the 16th inst.—Henri Conscience, the eminent Flemish novelist, died on Monday evening, in his seventy-first year. His works, amounting to a hundred volumes, all of a highly moral and patriotic tendency, acquired him an immense popularity and the rare honour of a statue, lately erected at his native city of Antwerp. He held the appointment of Keeper of the National Picture Galleries, and died at his residence at the Wiertz Museum.—The council of directors of the Suez Canal have decided to reduce the canal dues on ships in ballast from Jan. 1 next, and to take upon the company the cost of getting off and re-starting vessels stopped in the canal by accident.—Serious rioting has taken place in Canton, where the houses of several Europeans have been burnt, and the foreigners, none of whom have been injured personally by the mob, have taken refuge on board ships. Gun-boats have been sent up the river from Hong-Kong. According to the latest telegrams Canton is quiet, the Chinese soldiers having put down the disorder. At length the passage of the Sunda Straits is reported clear, the changes in their physical features having evidently been exaggerated. The safety of the Prins Frederick steam-ship, supposed to have been destroyed by the Krakatoa earthquake, appears to be now assured.—A telegram from Simla on Wednesday states that the Viceroy Council has passed the bill for the introduction of local self-government in the North Western provinces.

THE CHURCH.

The St. Alban's Diocesan Conference will be held at Brentwood on the 24th and 25th prox.

All Saints' Church, Northallerton, has been re-opened, after restoration from plans by Mr. J. Fowler, of Durham, at a cost of over £5000, towards which £3800 has been raised.

The York Diocesan Church Extension Society has given £400 towards a new church at Whitby, and the site for the edifice has been given by Sir George Elliot, M.P.

A project is being influentially supported for the complete restoration of Sudbury church, Derbyshire, as a memorial to the late Lord Vernon.

The Rev. Charles Josiah Hort, private chaplain to the Duke of Cambridge, has been appointed to the chaplaincy of the English Church at Versailles.

Mr. W. D. Cruddas has given £250 to the National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church.

The Rev. E. Bradley (better known as "Cuthbert Bede") has been presented by Lord Aveland to the vicarage of Lenton, Lincolnshire.

A stained-glass window, intended as a memorial of the late Lord Frederick Cavendish, and as a token of the high esteem that was felt for his Lordship by the tenants on the family estates in Derbyshire, has been completed for Edensor church.

The Hon. Miss Egerton of Tatton has laid the foundation-stone of a new church for the poor and populous district of St. Mark, Manchester, Lord Egerton, Mr. Grafton, M.P., and the Mayor taking part in the proceedings.

The Church of Purse-Caundle, near Sherborne, has received an addition to its painted glass of a window from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street. The window, with the memorial brass beneath, is the gift of Miss Surtees, in memory of her mother.

The Bishop of Rochester sailed from Liverpool on Tuesday, to be present at the Convention of the American Episcopal Church at Philadelphia in October. Letters of importance for his Lordship should be sent to Mr. A. J. Day, 28, Great George-street, Westminster.

The demolition of the eastern piers of the lantern tower of Peterborough Cathedral has shown the cause of the failure of the supports, the piers being erected on the common surface, below which, at no very great depth, solid rock is found. Many valuable relics have been brought to light.

Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, has transmitted to the honorary secretary of the Kew Church Enlargement Fund the sum of £1062, this being the net proceeds of the concert organised a few months ago by her Royal Highness on behalf of the fund. The Queen, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz have each subscribed £100 towards the same object.

Sir R. A. Cross, M.P., speaking at Barrow-in-Furness on behalf of the foreign missions connected with the Church of England, made a strong appeal to his hearers to do what they could to support the missions. He said it was not only the duty of this great empire to do all that was possible to Christianise the world, but it was the duty of every individual to take an earnest interest in the work.

The restoration of the Derby Chapel in Ormskirk Church has been completed, at the sole cost of the Earl and Countess of Derby, who have manifested their interest in the work by personal inspection. The vault beneath the chapel is now closed. Prior to the burial of the late Earl, in 1869, it was the burial-place of the Earls of Derby. It was built under the will of the third Earl, and has been the subject of much research by antiquaries.

The proposal to redecorate the interior of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral has now, according to the *Building and Engineering Times*, assumed a definite shape. Within a few weeks one quarter of the dome's surface is to be covered with cartoons, designed by Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., and Mr. H. Stannus, and, should the designs be deemed suitable, they will subsequently be executed in mosaic.

The following protest has been signed by a number of benefited clergy in the diocese of Bangor:—"That we desire to record our unanimous agreement with the policy indicated in the refusal of the Bishop of Llandaff to institute a clergyman unacquainted with the Welsh language to the living of Llanbethelan-with-Cowbridge and Welsh St. Donat, containing a population of over 2000 souls; and we request the Rural Dean to communicate this resolution to his Lordship, together with the expression of our readiness to give the Bishop all the support in our power if the decision is contested by the patrons, the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester, and appealed against."

The pastoral address of the Wesleyan Conference to the Methodist societies was issued last week, signed by the Rev. Thomas McCullagh, as president, and the Rev. Robert Newton Young, as secretary. It reports a net increase during the past year of 13,331 church members, which, it says, is the more gratifying because it follows a similar increase reported a year ago. Altogether 60,606 new members have joined the society. But 5135 members have been removed by death, 4277 have been lost by emigration or removal, and 22,710 have for other reasons ceased to be enrolled, chiefly, it is feared, through declension in spiritual life. Other signs are observable in many places of spiritual life and growth, and of intelligent and unwearied Christian enterprise. The number of Sunday scholars has increased, while 62,294 scholars are counted as church members or as on trial for membership, and 33,145 more are enrolled in junior society classes. The Bands of Hope, which the Conference greatly values, and the Wesleyan temperance societies have also prospered.

The Yearly Association, or "Cymanfa," of the Welsh Congregationalists of Liverpool and Birkenhead has been held. On Monday there was a united meeting of the communicants of the Welsh Churches, the Rev. W. Nicholson presiding.

The quiet little village of Llangutho, Cardiganshire, was visited yesterday week by hundreds of pilgrims from all parts of the Principality to witness the unveiling of a beautiful marble statue erected to the memory of Daniel Rowlands, one of the founders of the largest religious sect in Wales—namely, the Calvinistic Methodists. This ceremony was performed by the Rev. Lewis Edwards, D.D., Principal of the Theological College, Bala. Addresses were also delivered by Dr. Owen Thomas, Liverpool, and the Rev. T. Levy, Aberystwith, who collected the sum of £600 towards the statue; and the Rev. T. Charles Edwards, M.A., Principal of the University College of Wales, Aberystwith.

An outdoor sacred concert was given at Wakefield on Sunday afternoon in aid of the funds of the hospital, and the proceeds amounted to over £131.

The new opera, "Colomba," was given on Monday night, for the first time in Liverpool, by Mr. Carl Rosa's company, and was warmly received by a large audience. Madame Marie Roze appeared as Colomba.

THE RECESS.

Everyone will join in wishing Mr. Gladstone a pleasant voyage round the Scottish coast on board the fine new passenger-steamer of the Castle Line, the Pembroke Castle. Duly braced by a week or more of healthy exercise as a woodman in Hawarden Park, the Prime Minister left last Saturday morning, in company with Mrs. Gladstone, Miss Constance Gladstone, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P.; and the party was joined by Mr. Alfred Tennyson, Mr. Hallam Tennyson, Sir Donald Currie, and others, before Barrow-in-Furness was reached, amid the cheers of the townsfolk. The Pembroke Castle crossed to Ramsey Bay, Isle of Man, on Saturday; at noon on Monday reached Oban, where Mr. Gladstone landed, and inspected the ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle. After a delightful trip along the coast of Skye, the Pembroke Castle arrived at Tobermory on Tuesday evening.

The sturdy commonsense that characterises the public utterances of the Marquis of Hartington animated his satisfactory remarks at the Sheffield Cutlers' Feast on the 6th inst.; and the same may be said of Lord Derby's speech on the land question the same day at the dinner of the Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Show. But no Minister has ventured yet to deviate from the safe path of generalities. They probably content themselves with marking time, till they have heard what Sir Stafford Northcote has to say at Belfast, and have learnt what thunderbolts Mr. Bright is going to launch at the important Liberal Conference on Parliamentary Reform at Leeds on the 17th and 18th of next month.

GENERAL HOME NEWS.

Earl Sydney has consented to become the President of the Beckenham School of Music, to be opened on the 24th inst.

The foundation-stone of a new Townhall at Tunstall was laid last week by the Chief Bailiff, Mr. G. Cumberlidge.

A petition has been presented to the Queen for the foundation of a new college at Cambridge, to be called St. Paul's.

The autumn meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute at Middlesbrough will be held next week.

Lord Robartes has consented to act as a trustee of the General Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution, in the room of the late Duke of Marlborough.

Mr. R. T. Ormond, Edinburgh, has been chosen for the office of superintendent of the observatory which is to be erected on Ben Nevis.

The horses which have worked the Guildford coach this season, the property of Mr. Walter Shoolbred, have been sold at Aldridge's for 1570 guineas, being 75 guineas each horse.

Mr. Matthew H. F. Peacock, Senior Classical Master at Bradford Grammar School, has been selected to fill the position of Head-Master of the Wakefield Grammar School.

It was ascertained last Saturday that (exclusive of the sums yet to come) the street collection made on the preceding Saturday for the Hospital Saturday Fund has realised £21 60, being £9 in excess of the entire collection last year.

The Swansea Town Council on Wednesday decided to intrust to Signor Raggi the bronze statue of Sir Henry Hussey Vivian, M.P., to cost about £3000, to be defrayed by public subscription already raised.

Whilst performing the last sad offices to the corpse of a baker's wife, at Chesterton, near Cambridge, two women discovered round the waist of the deceased a belt containing notes and gold to the amount of £570.

The Halesowen and Northfield Railway was on Monday opened for traffic, thus supplying a direct route between Northfield and Halesowen, and through Halesowen to Dudley, Kidderminster, and Stourbridge.

The Brighton Town Council have resolved to erect two concrete piers between East-street and Old Steine. The new public park at Preston was opened on Monday, the formal opening taking place when the grounds have been laid out.

Seventeen sub-commissioners held courts in various parts of Ireland on Tuesday for fixing fair rents under the Irish Land Acts. 80,000 cases have up to the present been disposed of. It is estimated as many more remain to be heard.

The Scholarship at Winchester College of seventy pounds a year, for at least three years, offered to the delegacy to be competed for by boys under fifteen at the last June Oxford Local Examination, has been awarded to J. Marchant, of Bancroft's Hospital, a school belonging to the Drapers' Company.

The death of George Cole, the landscape painter, took place on the 7th inst., at the age of seventy-three. His manliness and geniality of character will make his loss felt by a large circle of friends. He leaves a son, Mr. Vicat Cole, R.A., whose fame as a painter excels that of his father.

A part of the shorthorn herd of the Duke of Devonshire was sold at Holkar on the 6th inst., the sale being attended by all the principal breeders. The amount realised was 7130 guineas.—An important sale of choice cattle took place yesterday week at Ashton Hall, Lancashire.

On Wednesday afternoon the subject of giving a fish dinner once a week to the indoor paupers was discussed by the Lambeth Board of Guardians. A letter was read from Grimby offering to supply cod, ling, haddock, and gurnet, dressed for cooking, at 2d. per pound and the carriage. It was agreed to try a fish dinner once a week as an experiment.

The Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Show, from which cattle, sheep, and pigs were excluded owing to foot-and-mouth disease, closed a four days' very successful exhibition last Saturday, the receipts being 50 per cent more than at the Preston Guild last year. On Saturday 16,000 persons passed through the turnstiles.

The Warrego left Greenock for Queensland ports on the 5th inst., having on board 66 single men, 95½ women, and 97 families, making a total of 302 souls.—The ship Rialto, of 1182 tons, Captain J. Williamson, chartered by Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed from Plymouth for Sydney last Saturday with 364 emigrants.

The inquest on the body of Elizabeth Howe, who died from injuries received at the fire at Southall Asylum, concluded on Thursday with a verdict of accidental death; the jury adding a rider to the effect that greater vigilance should have been exercised by the Commissioners in Lunacy as regarded means of escape in case of fire.

The results, as regards Lady Margaret Hall, of the Oxford University Examination in June last, were very satisfactory. It must be remembered that the standard is the same as that of the men's examinations. Honours.—Modern History, 1st Class, Miss Sutton; Ancient History (Greek and Roman), 2nd class, Miss Argles; Modern Language and Literature (French and German), 2nd class, Miss Benson; 3rd class, Miss Anstruther. Pass.—Latin, Greek, Political Economy, Miss C. Bartlett; Latin, French, Modern History, Miss Ella Sykes; French, German, Modern History, Miss W. Cobbe. Three students passed the "First Exam."

The sum of £30,000 being at command under the will of the late Mr. Alderman Dauntsey, the greater portion of which is in the hands of the Mercers' Company, a scheme has been drawn up by the Charity Commissioners for founding a middle-class school for Wilts. The sum named is in addition to lands and buildings, and an endowment of £700 per annum is contemplated. Devises will probably be the locality fixed upon.

Mr. John Byrne, Collector-General of Rates in Dublin, has been removed from his office by warrant of the Lord Lieutenant. His Excellency did not arrive at this conclusion without the gravest consideration of the case, which had reference to the antedating of receipts by Mr. Byrne to enable some of his tenants to avail themselves of the Arrears Act. Mr. Byrne has been temporarily succeeded by Mr. Soady.

A special meeting of the Midland Land and Investment Corporation was held at Birmingham yesterday week. A crowd was present, consisting of depositors and creditors. It appeared that the original capital of the company, £250,000, had all been lost, and that an attempt to realise their property at once would result in a heavier loss to the creditors, who had been paid 10s. in the £1.

The Lord Mayor, on Saturday last, forwarded £1000 to Sir Edward Malet, at Cairo, as the first instalment from the Mansion House Fund for the relief of the distress caused by the cholera in Egypt. Sir George Elliot, M.P., has forwarded a cheque for £100, and the like amount has been contributed by Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smiths in aid of the fund, which is hardly progressing as well as might have been anticipated.

Mr. S. A. Freeland, her Majesty's inspector of schools for North-East Lancashire, addressed over 200 elementary teachers last Saturday afternoon at Accrington on the new code. He said that it was not more difficult than the old one. It was modelled on the German code to a great extent. Respecting the complaints as to scholars being overworked, he did not think there were any good grounds for them.

There has been a considerable decrease of emigration, showing a falling off during two thirds of the present year of 19,566 emigrants. During the eight months ending on Aug. 31, 238,010 persons of British origin left the United Kingdom for places out of Europe, besides 59,093 foreigners, and 1800 persons whose nationality was not distinguished, the total thus being 298,903. During the corresponding eight months of 1882 there were 318,469.

Numerous applications have been made for the delectable post of common hangman, vacant by the death of Marwood. An Irish candidate, a member of the Kent County Constabulary, states that he feels competent to carry out the duties; he would not adopt, he says, the "long drop" system introduced by Marwood, but would resort to Calcraft's method of a 3½ ft. drop. A candidate living at South Shields, in Berwick-street, states he is steady in his habits, industrious, careful, cares for little company, and that if he receives the appointment the object of his life will be attained.

The sixth annual conference of the Library Association of the United Kingdom began its sittings on Tuesday at Liverpool, and the proceedings continued daily until Friday. The president is Sir J. A. Picton, Chairman of the Library Committee of the Liverpool Corporation, and the principal meetings were held in the lecture theatre of the Free Library. The first business on Tuesday was the election of members; the reports of the association were read; and afterwards the president's address was delivered. Nearly one hundred representatives of libraries attended; among others, Dr. Garnett and Mr. Butler, from the British Museum.

On Tuesday afternoon the Mayor of Sunderland presented to Mr. J. R. Hodgson, locally known as the "Stormy Petrel," a handsome gold medal, in recognition of his many daring exploits in saving life. The Mayor paid a high tribute to Mr. Hodgson's bravery in saving life; and the latter, in responding, said he would prize it more than any medal he had received, as it had been given him by his townsmen. Mr. Hodgson is the holder of a number of medals from the Emperor Napoleon III., the Royal Humane Society, Board of Trade, &c., for saving life. A portrait of Mr. Hodgson appeared in our Number of April 17, 1858.

The committee of the Royal Humane Society has recently completed the investigation of an unusually large number of cases of saving or attempting to save life in various parts of the United Kingdom. It is a noticeable feature in the list of awards that some of the recipients are mere children, one being a girl of seven years, while there is one of ten, one of twelve, three of thirteen, and two of fifteen. The silver medal was unanimously awarded to Provost J. Paterson, chief magistrate of the City of St. Andrews, for saving J. Mount, aged sixteen, on July 16. The lad, while bathing at the Step Rock, got out of his depth into about nine feet of water, when Provost Paterson, who was standing on the rocks and saw the danger the boy was in, without waiting to undress, jumped into the sea, swam towards the lad, who clung frantically round his neck, and ultimately saved him.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain Andersen, of the Norwegian barque Havdyst, of Grimsstad, in recognition of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the barque Peruana, of Glasgow, whom he rescued from their waterlogged vessel on April 5 last, in latitude 40.20 N., and longitude 57.38 W. The board have also awarded an aneroid barometer to Mr. John Christian Olsen, chief officer of the Havdyst, in recognition of his gallant services in taking charge of the boat of that vessel which effected the rescue. The Board of Trade have further awarded a piece of plate to Captain Hellmers, of the German steam-ship Hapsburg, and a binocular glass to Captain Gronvold, of the Norwegian barque Britannia, of Christiania, in acknowledgment of their humanity and kindness to those of the crew of the Peruana who were transferred to their vessels.

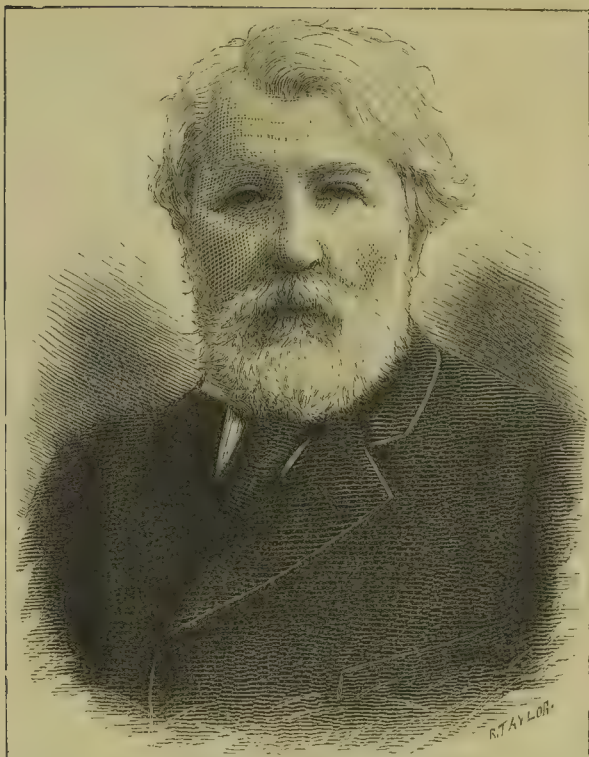
In opening a Fine-Art Exhibition at Stockport on Monday, Lord Egerton of Tatton said he believed that he could take no step which would more conduce to the moral welfare and the real healthy pleasure of the people of Stockport than by encouraging an exhibition of works of art, as opened there that day. The object of the exhibition was a very laudable one—namely, to establish a school of art at Stockport, as the case had been in the neighbouring town of Macclesfield, to his knowledge, for many years, and also in Manchester. He thought the interest and progress in art made by schools in those two towns—he singled them out particularly because he had always watched with interest the success of many of the exhibitors from there at the South Kensington exhibitions—had been productive of very great improvement in art and taste in this country, and therefore it was of great importance that they should in large towns like Stockport, which was connected with textile fabrics and with a great trade of which Manchester was the centre, have a school of art of their own.

A publication that bids fair to be an amusing pennyworth is announced to appear early next month, under the title of "Big Ben"—a pleasant medley of stories, adventures, wit, humour, and drollery—conducted by Mr. James Hogg, the editor of "London Society."

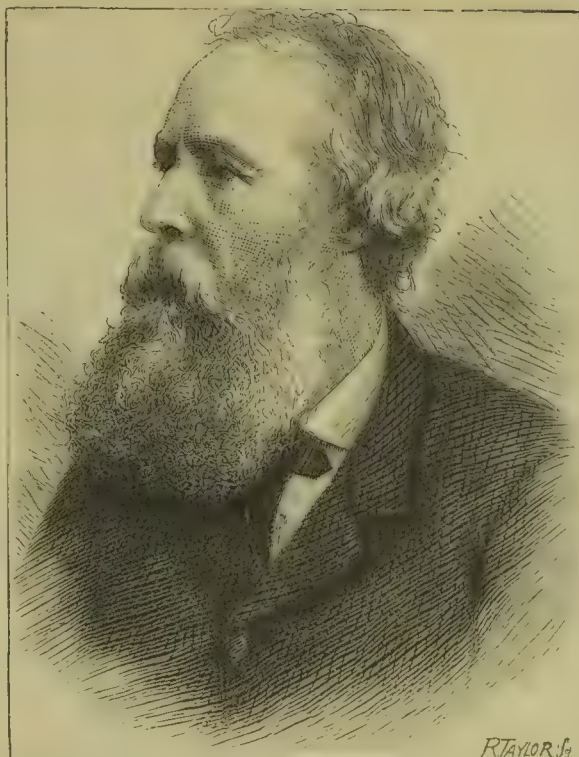


W. H. O'Connell

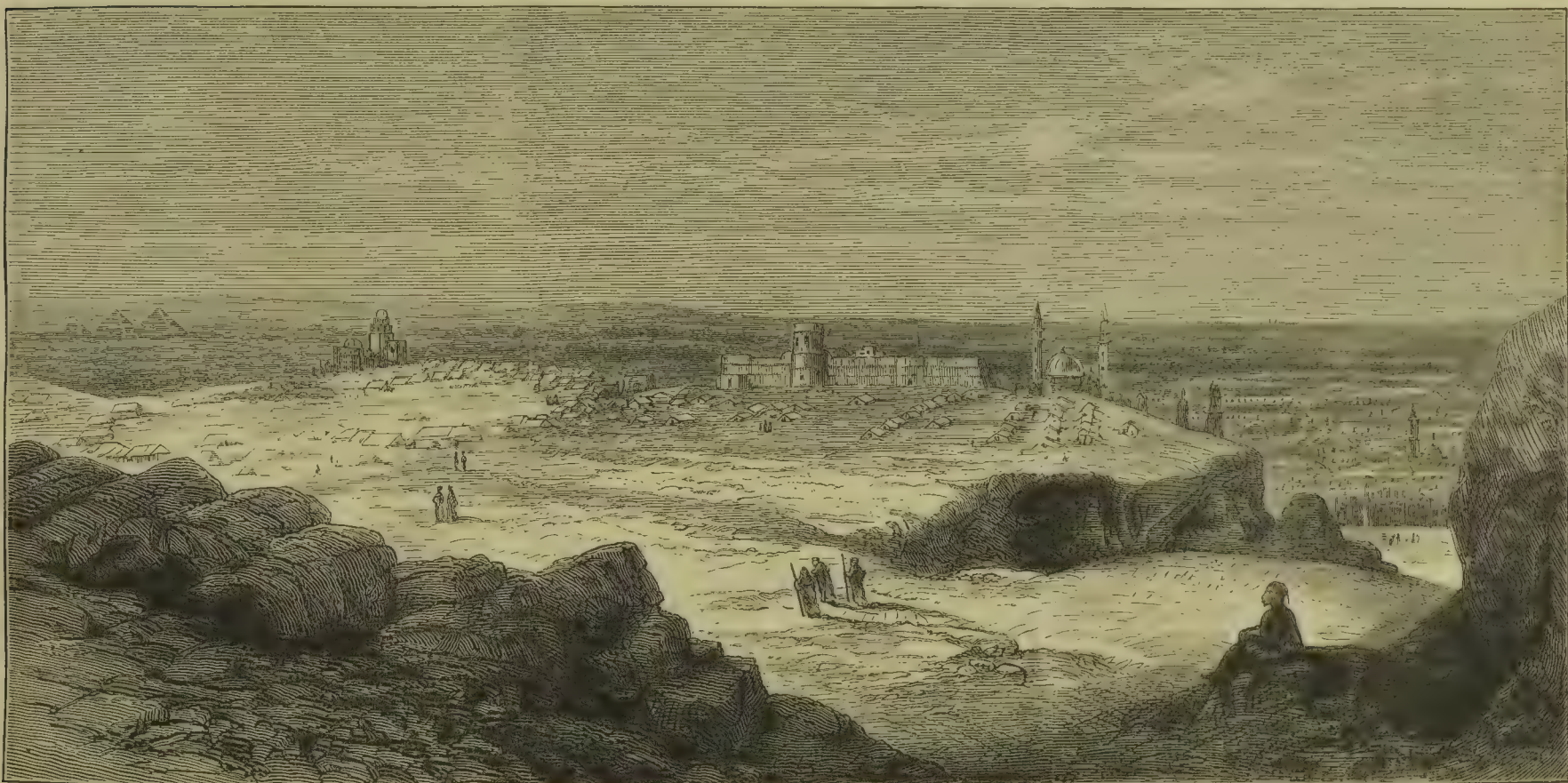
FOUNTAIN AT CINTRA, NEAR LISBON.



THE LATE IVAN TOURGUENIEFF,
RUSSIAN NOVELIST.



SIR T. H. FARRER, BART.,
PERMANENT SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.



CHOLERA CAMP OF THE 79TH REGIMENT (CAMERON HIGHLANDERS) ON THE MOKATTAM HEIGHTS, CAIRO.



GREAT FIRE IN THE ROSSAU SUBURB OF VIENNA.

TRAVELLING IN NORTH CHINA.

We are just now feeling serious apprehensions of trouble arising from the relations between China and the European nations, whose regular commerce, as well as their occasional exhibitions of diplomatic or naval and military enterprise, is much concerned with the great Empire of Eastern Asia. It is to be hoped that the outbreak of mob violence at Canton, which has done considerable damage to foreign property, will not be repeated there or at any other of the trading ports; and that the dispute between France and China, occasioned by the French invasion of Tonquin, will be amicably settled by impartial mediation. The mercantile and manufacturing interests of Great Britain would suffer most, even from hostilities in which this country might not be directly engaged, on a coast where the amount of British trade is about twenty times as much as that of French trade, while Germany and the United States of America have also no little stake in the issue of negotiations with a view to preserving peace. There is, moreover, sufficient information of the extent and efficiency of the Chinese armaments, now brought up to the standard of European means of warfare, to show that this Asiatic Great Power would be a formidable opponent when standing on the defensive; but we trust it will not be rashly attacked. The population of the Chinese Empire is supposed at least to equal in numbers that of all Europe, while its territorial extent is certainly greater than that of Europe; and though it has repeatedly suffered partial defeats, there is probably no conceivable foreign combination that would prove capable of effecting a complete and permanent conquest. The administrative fabric of the Empire, however antiquated and faulty, seems congenial to the temperament of its subject races, and, having recovered of late years from tremendous civil conflicts, and assimilated some modern inventions with remarkable apparent effect, is not likely to be overturned by the first shock of attack from a distant quarter. Its actual ruler, Prince Kung, who has rather the authority of a Regent than a mere Prime Minister, the Emperor Kwang-su, his near relative, being the titular Sovereign, is reputed to be a man of great ability and resolution. The Imperial revenue is twenty-five millions sterling, of which fifteen millions are spent on the Army, numbering above 200,000 regular troops, half of them drilled and equipped in the modern fashion, besides a vast multitude of irregulars in all the provinces; and there is a Navy of sixty ships and gun-boats, including several ironclads carrying heavy ordnance. These particulars are worthy of notice in view of possible contingencies at the present crisis, but they are not immediately connected with the subject of our Illustration; which is supplied by a Sketch made three or four years ago, during our Special Artist's journey from Peking to the Great Wall, in the mountain-pass of Ku-Kwan, about one hundred miles north-west of the capital city. It is, though so near to Peking, a comparatively wild and barbarous district, on the verge of the Mongol country, and the state of the roads, if they deserve that name, is a sore trial to the patience of Chinese waggons, and of any European traveller who may happen to be going that way. Something like it may perhaps be found in crossing the Drakensberg range in South Africa, where a team of sixteen draught-oxen would do the work more easily than horses or mules. The Tartars, however, coming in the opposite direction, employ camels with pack-saddles for their merchandise, while the leader of the party rides leisurely upon a sure-footed ass. It is a scene of brawling bustle when they meet each other, and the Chinamen, as the more civilised people, claim to occupy the road, shouting and belabouring their poor beasts to climb the steep and rocky ascent, with a load which might even seem excessive on the plains below.

Twenty acres of land abutting on the sea-wall has been leased by the War Department to the Sheerness Local Board of Health as a recreation-ground for the inhabitants.

Her Majesty's Government have awarded a silver medal to M. Alexandre Robin, Directeur de la Morgue at Rouen, in recognition of his gallantry and humanity in jumping into the river Seine, about nine p.m. on Aug. 4 last, and rescuing the master of the British vessel *Sussex*, who had fallen into the river. In performing this act of gallantry M. Robin risked his life, as he had heavy clothes on, and had to dive several times before he could obtain hold of the drowning master, who had sunk before M. Robin could reach the spot.

A FOUNTAIN AT CINTRA.

Travellers in Portugal, or those who sojourn only a few days at Lisbon, seldom neglect to visit this place, fifteen miles west of the city, amidst wild romantic scenery at the foot of the mountains, which Byron has described in a fine passage of "Childe Harold." It has some historical interest, too, even for Englishmen, as it was here, in 1808, that a military convention was signed, much to the public indignation at that time, allowing the French army of Marshal Junot, after its defeat at Vimiera, to retire with "the honours of war." Students of Portuguese and mediæval history, as well as lovers of architecture and sculpture, will find more agreeable objects of contemplation in the grand remains of a romantic antiquity, the ruined Castle, the Moorish Palace, and the Monastery, with its fine old Church, decorated in a characteristic style of art. The fountain, however, shown in our Illustration, is adorned with comparatively modern work; but the figures of the Portuguese water-carriers, with their primitive cart drawn by a pair of mighty oxen, deserve notice for their picturesque quaintness, to which our Illustration does ample justice.

CHOLERA CAMP OF TROOPS AT CAIRO.

We have been favoured by a military correspondent at Cairo with a Sketch of the encampment of the (79th Regiment) Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel H. H. St. Leger, upon the salubrious Mokattam Heights, which rise at the back of the Citadel, outside the south-east angle of the city. It was on July 24 that the first cases of cholera occurred among the British troops in the Citadel, when Private Carrigan and Private J. Smith, of this regiment, died, after eight hours' illness. The regiment was then ordered to make preparations for pitching camp on the Mokattam Heights, about half a mile distant from the Citadel. Two more of the men, Privates T. Cameron and J. Dodds, died on the same day. No time was lost, but on the morning of the 25th the camp was pitched, and the regiment marched up in the evening. The following men died afterwards:—Private H. Mackay, Pipe Major J. Grant, Private T. Grant, J. McLaggan, R. McRae, and W. Morrison. Only one of these deaths occurred at Mokattam, and the freshness of the air and the cleanliness of the sand appear to have effectually checked the spread of the disease amongst the 79th Regiment, as they have recently had no cholera patients. The elevated situation of this cholera camp, as shown in our Engraving, commands a fine view of some parts of the city, with its mosques and minarets, and the Palace of Kasr-i-Nil; also of the banks of the Nile and the plains lying westward; while to the left hand are seen the Pyramids of Ghizeh. The stone-quarries and caves, in the foreground, have yielded vast quantities of material for the buildings of Cairo.

GREAT FIRE AT VIENNA.

Our Correspondent at Vienna furnishes a Sketch of the scene occasioned by the great fire on the 2nd inst., in the Rossau suburb, the north-west part of that city. It broke out at three o'clock on the Sunday afternoon, and, after being subdued, in a great degree, towards ten o'clock in the evening, was aroused to fresh activity by a violent gale, which commenced raging at midnight. Immense sheets of flame rose from the burning mass, and seemed to mount as high as the adjacent church steeples. Four large timber-yards, with the adjoining buildings, were burnt down; the quantity of wood so consumed was 119,000 planks. All the fire brigades of Vienna and its environs, assisted by a strong military force, made superhuman efforts to stay the progress of the conflagration and save the surrounding houses from destruction. In the morning, at half-past six, the Emperor of Austria, with the Archduke Albert, visited the scene of the disaster, and remained some time, in his carriage, watching the labours of the firemen. Vast numbers of spectators, throughout the night as well as by day, were assembled to witness this great fire. Several persons were injured, but there was no loss of life. The amount of damage to property is estimated at £200,000 sterling.

On Tuesday the first examination in the arts course of the Royal University of Dublin for this year was begun at the Earlsfort-terrace buildings in that City, and several other "centres" throughout Ireland. The candidates entered numbered nearly 400.

THE LATE IVAN TOURGUENIEFF.

The death of this Russian author, an undoubted man of genius, whose works have done much to familiarise the public mind of Europe with the social life of Russia and the sentiments of her people, took place last week at Bougival, his residence in the neighbourhood of Paris. He had lived out of Russia, first at Baden and latterly in France, during the past twenty years. He was the son of a landed proprietor at Orel, where he was born in 1818, and was educated at the Universities of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Berlin. He was appointed to an office in the Ministry of the Interior; but, having adopted Liberal opinions, soon incurred the displeasure of the Government. He published some poems and essays which gained attention by their vigorous style and freedom of spirit. An article which he wrote upon Gogol, the literary satirist of Russian aristocratic and official corruption, brought upon Tourguenieff a criminal prosecution in 1847, resulting in a brief imprisonment and banishment from the capital for two years. After the Crimean War, he lived chiefly in France or in Germany, and showed himself, in numerous writings, the advocate of political reforms more consonant with the spirit of the party of progress in Western Europe than with that of the fanatical and exclusive Muscovite party in Russia. In several of his novels and romances, which are decidedly realistic in tone, he has exposed the vices of Russian civil administration, and the conflict of class interests, with unsparring severity. He was one of the first to discern, if not to predict, the rise of the anti-social or anti-civil conspiracy, which he called "Nihilism," whose secret plots of assassination have shocked the whole civilised world. Several of his tales have appeared in English, finding translators in Mr. Ralston and the late Mr. Ashton Dilke:—"Russian Life in the Interior;" or, the Experiences of a Sportsman," 1855; "Fathers and Sons," 1867; "Smoke;" or, Life at Baden, 1868; "Liza," 1869; "On the Eve," 1871; "Dimitri Rondina," 1875; "Spring Floods," 1874; and "Virgin Soil," 1877. The Portrait is from a photograph by Nadar, of Paris.

SIR T. H. FARRER, BART.

Sir Thomas Henry Farrer, of Abinger Hall, Dorking, Surrey, the Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade, upon whom, as lately announced, her Majesty has been pleased to confer the honour of a baronetcy in recognition of his long and distinguished public service, is the eldest son of the late Mr. Thomas Farrer, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, by his marriage with Cecilia, daughter of Mr. Richard Willis, of Halshead, Prescot, Lancashire, and was born in the year 1819. Mr. Farrer was educated at Eton, and graduated at Balliol College, Oxford, taking his bachelor's degree in 1841. He was called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's-inn, in Michaelmas term, 1844, and practised for some time as an equity draftsman. Mr. Farrer is a magistrate for Surrey, and has been connected with the Board of Trade about thirty years. Mr. Farrer has been twice married—first, in 1854, to Frances, daughter of Mr. William Erskine, of the Indian Civil Service; and secondly, in 1873, to Katherine Euphemia, daughter of Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood. His son and heir, Thomas Cecil, was born in 1859. The Portrait is from a photograph by Vianelli, of Venice.

At the half-yearly meeting of the governors of the Wolverhampton and Staffordshire Hospital on Tuesday, it was announced that Mr. J. E. Briscoe, a member of the weekly board, had given £1000 for the establishment of a home for the accommodation of nurses connected with the hospital.

In London last week 2434 births and 1257 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 194 and the deaths 160 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 1 from smallpox, 19 from measles, 43 from scarlet fever, 14 from diphtheria, 22 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 35 from enteric fever, 87 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 2 from simple cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 178, 160, and 148 in the three preceding weeks, were 156 last week, being 6 below the corrected weekly average. Different forms of violence caused 51 deaths; 45 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 16 from fractures and contusions, 3 from burns and scalds, 12 from drowning, and 11 of infants from suffocation. Four cases of suicide were registered.

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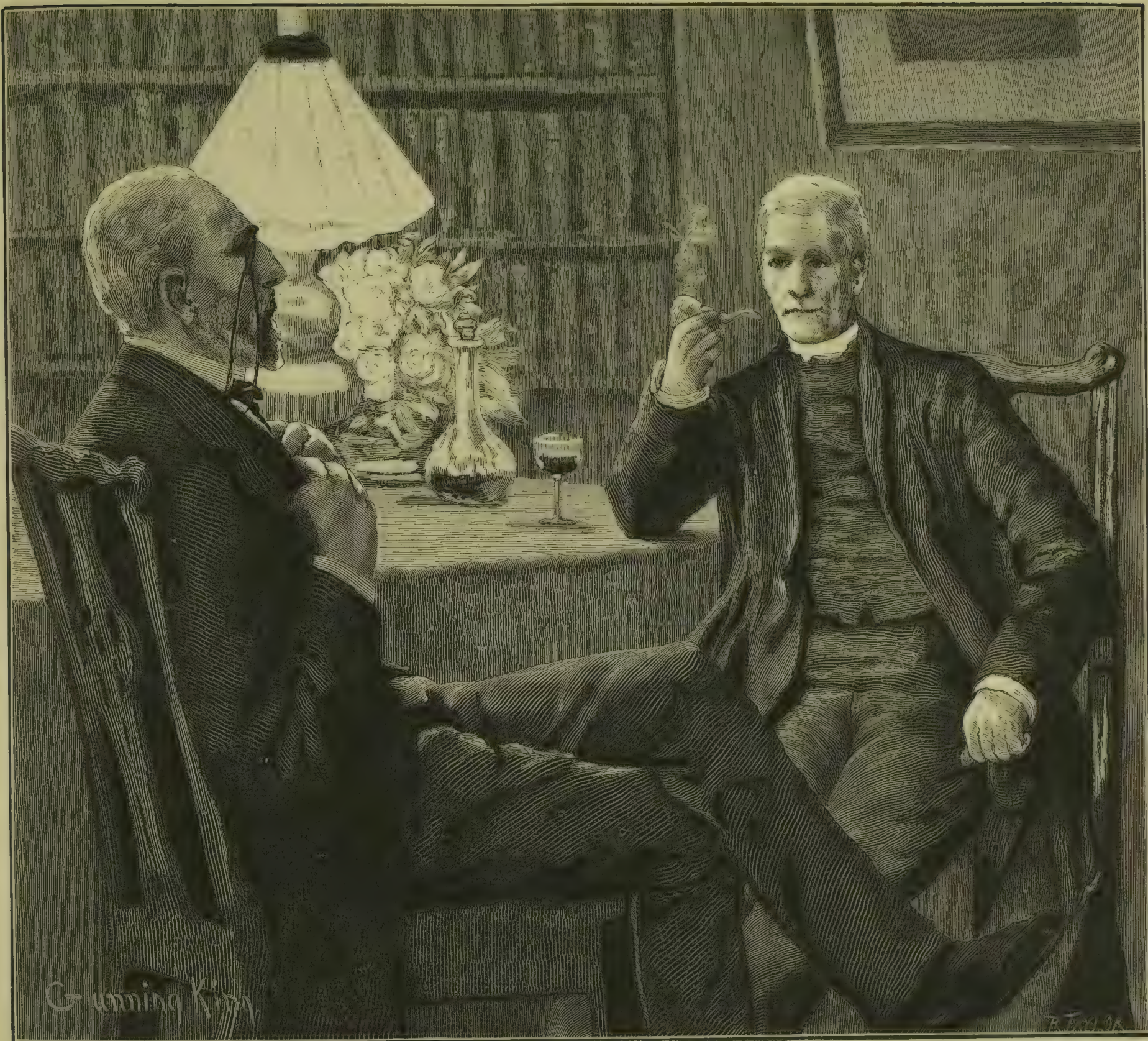
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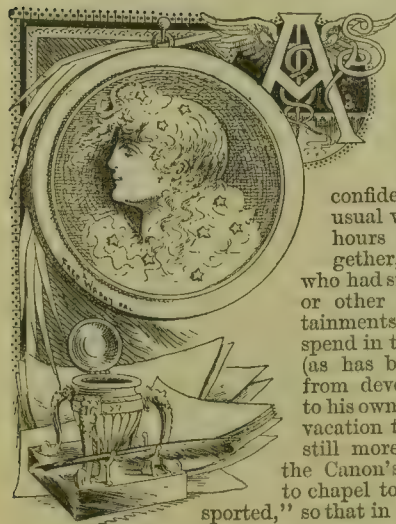
So these two old friends sat down, and lit their pipes, and talked together, heart bared to heart.

THE CANON'S WARD.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "THICKER THAN WATER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI. AN OPPORTUNITY.



THE Concordance advanced, the originator of that great work and his young assistant saw more and more of one another, and, as was natural, became more confidential. It was not unusual with them to pass some hours of the evening together, which the scholar, who had small taste for "wines" or other undergraduate entertainments, was very willing to spend in that way—not so much (as has been observed of him) from devotion to the Bard as to his own interests. In the long vacation time they were thrown still more together, and it was the Canon's habit when he went to chapel to leave his door "un-

sported," so that in case of Adair's coming first from the sacred edifice, or of himself being detained, the young scholar might enter his rooms and set to work at once. A door in college has more significance than a door elsewhere. At the first sight of it you can tell whether the friend you come to visit is at home to the world or not; in the former case it is technically called "unsported," and I am sorry to say (for in this truthful record one must needs tell all) that Sophy, carried away by her high spirits, before she had learnt to love not wisely but too well, had spoken of her guardian's door as "unsported from the world." On the

evening when we found the Canon writing to his son, Adair came after chapel to his employer's rooms, and found admittance to them as usual in his absence.

It was as noble a lodging as Trinity could boast of, and none, with liberty to open the huge portfolios and take down the splendid books (on which, to say truth, the owner had spent what he was wont to term playfully "a pretty penny," but was, in fact, more than his means quite justified) had need to complain of finding time heavy on his hands. Adair, however, had seen the Canon's art treasures more than once, and had already given them as much of his admiration as he judged would satisfy their proprietor; for himself, neither engravings nor photographs had any attractions, while the Canon's love of busts and statuettes seemed to him as childish as any passion for marbles of another kind. Books he looked upon—as, in truth, do many men—merely as means to an end. Even for science he had no taste, but only a "turn"; he found it more convenient to work in that groove than in any other. He had put himself into the mathematical mill to be ground into a Fellow of his college, just as a docile, but not particularly learned, pig might take a header into a sausage-machine. It was his wont, therefore, when finding himself alone in his patron's rooms, to waste no time in improving his mind by art or literature, but to sit down to his work at once, with that phlegmatic indifference which is so often mistaken for duty.

On the present occasion, however, his attention was diverted. The Canon's habits, as are those of most men of his class, were careless and, unless where his particular hobbies were concerned, unmethodical. He left his personal jewellery on his dressing-table and his money everywhere; and he never locked anything up because he was so apt to lose his keys. In his haste to go to chapel he had thrust his letter to his son into the drawer of his desk, but had omitted to close the drawer, and there it lay. The date and address upon the top of it showed what it was at the first glance. A gentleman would at once have closed the drawer, not to avoid any

temptation of looking at the letter, but to keep it from prying eyes; a nervous man, of weak character, would have done the like to prevent the suspicion of having himself taken advantage of such a circumstance. But there are all sorts of people in the world, and some of them have an insuperable weakness for reading other people's letters. Fools do it from vulgar curiosity (I once caught a gentleman—a gentleman's gentleman—employed in endeavouring to decipher my own private correspondence; he might as well have tackled a Chaldee MS.—for no man writes so ill as I write—but his interest in the matter was most absorbing); intelligent persons, like the First Napoleon, do it with the intention of gleaning some information that may be of advantage to them. Mr. John Adair was of the latter class.

The very best way of thoroughly understanding a man's character, as we learn from all biographies, is to peruse his private letters; and it was most important to Mr. Adair to get at the back of the Canon's mind. He did not hesitate, therefore, for an instant—indeed, he had no time to spare, since his patron might appear at any moment, but sat down and addressed himself to the interesting task at once. It was a long letter, and he could only give a divided attention to it, because he had to listen for approaching footsteps; but the stairs without were uncarpeted, so that they would give good warning, and the mind, as we are told, is "dual." It was only necessary to take care (for autobiography is always attractive) not to get too much absorbed. At first there was not the least danger of this occurrence; the Canon's expression of affection for his absent son, his aspirations for their reunion, "the trivial fond records" of parental love only excited the scholar's contempt; it was incomprehensible to him that a grown man should maunder on so at the risk of having to pay a double postage fee. But presently he came upon the part which referred to Sophy; how anxious the writer was to find a suitable match for her as soon as might be, since all hope of his Robert's union with her was at an end. "A pretty thing, indeed" was Adair's reflection. "A guardian wanting to

make his ward his daughter-in-law because she was an heiress"! His sense of propriety was shocked. Then there was the reference to Perry, in which again the Canon's sentiments and his own were quite at variance. Whether the attachment in question had had "any real root" or not was a question he was in no position to decide, since it was neither a square root nor a cube root; but as to there having been only "a little something" between them, he was of a very different opinion.

It was no mere flirtation that had induced the girl to give Perry a nocturnal meeting in the College Roundabout, when she was supposed to be at the ball, or which had emboldened the man to visit the Laurels at midnight, of which he himself had been a witness. That Miss Sophy had fooled her guardian, and probably Miss Aldred also, throughout this matter, was now quite evident; it was clear too, though the Canon had no suspicion of her, that he had his apprehensions. "I am not easy in my mind about her," he said, and then followed a remark which was full of interest, "I should be greatly pleased to be rid of my responsibilities in this matter, could it be done with happiness to herself." Really a very excellent guardian, whose wishes it behoved him by all means to further, if only they could be got to take a particular direction. Then came some sentences on which his eyes became positively riveted, so intense was their interest for him, though he never for one instant forgot to listen for the approaching footsteps. Had they come at that moment he felt that he must obtain possession of that letter somehow and read to the end of it, even if he had to abstract it from her Majesty's mail. "There is a young man here who has greatly taken my fancy," &c. After all, there is no topic, from Shakspeare to the musical glasses, that interests the generality of human beings so much as themselves. Mr. John Adair was fairly absorbed at last. So this admirable guardian was actually inclined to think of him, John Adair, as a possible son-in-law. His expressions, indeed, were not so wholly satisfactory as they might have been; they seemed to go little further than that Miss Sophy might "do worse," but, upon the whole, there was very much for a young man with ambition but no expectations to congratulate himself upon. "A steady stay-at-home young fellow for a husband," was what her guardian himself recommended to Sophy, and was not that very prescription close to her hand, labelled "John Adair," and ready to be taken at once?

At this moment the bed-room door opened behind him, and, to his horror and amazement, he found that he was not alone.

He made no doubt that the person who stood regarding him without a word was the Canon, and yet he did not attempt to stir or even to move his eyes from the letter spread before him; only he saw no more the words of which it was composed. There was a confused blur before his eyes and a singing in his ears, such as (he afterwards thought) might have been the precursor of some sort of fit. His ready tongue utterly failed him; his thoughts only seemed to paint for him a picture of self-wrought ruin. No explanation of his conduct was possible; and he was well aware that of all the men he knew, or could know, Canon Aldred was the very last to forgive the baseness of which he stood convicted. Nothing would have been left to him (as he afterwards reflected) but to have defied his patron; to have told him all he knew to the disadvantage of his ward, and to have demanded hush money. Like a rat without the means of escape, despair might have driven him to even that extremity. It was, after all, not the Canon, but only Mrs. Murdoch, his bedmaker, who had been doing out his bed-room, and seeing the scholar at her master's desk, not even so much as turning his head to look at her, imagined him to be immersed in "them papers" (notes of the divine Milton) about which "such a blessed fuss was made, if ever her duster went anigh em."

"Lor, Mr. Hadair," she said, "how pale and 'aggard you do look. I never see a young gent look so, leastways not in a long vacation."

The young man gave a ghastly smile, and drew a long deep breath. Her words, though devoid of aspirates, were the sweetest he had yet heard from the lips of woman.

"That reminds me," he said, carelessly closing the drawer, and drawing his MSS. around him, "that I have never given you anything towards your own annual holiday, Mrs. Murdoch. I heard the Canon saying that it was to be Ipswich this time."

"Thank you kindly, Sir," answered the good lady, dropping a curtsy, the depth of which certified to the liberality of the donation. "Hipswich it is this year, where I goes to see my Haugustus; it was Norwich last year, to my niece Jemima. I takes 'em turn and turn about. I wish you your Fellowship most heartily," she added, with a turn of her elbow as if emptying a drinking-vessel, "leastways, unless, as is like enough, you have some fair young lady in your mind, which is the best sort of fellowship after all. They talks of ladies' colleges and what not, but it's my belief!"

What were Mrs. Murdoch's views concerning the severance of the sexes were never divulged—which was a pity, for, to judge by the humorous twinkle in her eyes, they should have been worth hearing—for just at that moment steps were heard upon the stairs.

The bedmaker bustled out with an air of unceasing occupation, pursued for its own sake without fee or reward, and the Canon and Mr. Mavors entered.

Adair, as his custom was when the Canon brought home a friend with him, at once put together his papers; on this occasion he was very willing to get away—to think over the information he had just acquired, and shape his course in accordance with it. When a great stroke of good fortune happens to us, away from home, we are glad to get back to our dear ones to impart it to them. John Adair's home was, as the phrase goes, "under his hat," or, rather, his college cap; and his dear ones were in the singular number.

"You've been as busy as a bee, I see, as usual," said the Canon, approvingly; "or, rather, *with* the B's."

"Nay, Sir, I'm at the C's."

"Indeed! Well, well, to-morrow morning we will begin our voyage on them. Good evening."

The Tutor and the scholar had interchanged only a nod of recognition. When the latter had gone, the Canon broke out into an eulogy of his young assistant, to which the other listened with a very incredulous air.

"You may say what you like," said the Canon, who did not fail to observe this; "but that young man will make his way in the world."

"I made no observation about him whatever, that I am aware of," said the Tutor, drily. "As to making his way in the world, if he fails in it, it will not be, I should say, for want of pushing; and if anyone falls in the scramble, he will not show the generosity of the horse in declining to put his foot on him."

"Upon my word, Mavors, I think you are the most prejudiced man I ever came across in all my life."

"It's a great distinction," said the Tutor.

"Just because the poor boy knows nothing of Plato," continued the Canon, indignantly.

"Plato!" exclaimed the Tutor, roused to wrath in his turn by this contemptuous allusion to his idol. "He knows

nothing of anything, so far as I can see, except figures; a mere calculating machine: I dare say he can compile a Concordance."

This was hitting the Canon in his very tenderest part—a by-blow at the divine Milton.

"Well, at all events, the few things he does know, he knows thoroughly—as, indeed, I do myself; and when I hear the people who know everything talk of the things that I know, I sometimes wonder whether they know anything!"

The Tutor burst into a roar of laughter.

"That's extremely good, Aldred; I should like to have said that to Whewell. But you don't mean to tell me that this young scholar of yours understands one line of Milton beyond his own reference to it?"

"Well, I really think he is getting on with him. His powers of memory are something marvellous; he has got all the *Liber Elegiarum* and *Silvarum Liber* (except the Greek) by heart. Just think of the quantities!"

"Yes," returned the other; "and just think of the mess of the 'quantities' that he would make if he attempted to recite them."

An observation which did not fail to tickle the Canon in his turn. For happy thoughts to him were scrip and share, and strokes of humour more than cent per cent, and anger with his friend so brief a madness, that it resembled summer lightning followed by a roar. So these two old friends sat down and lit their pipes, and talked together, heart bared to heart; except, indeed, that in the Tutor's case there was something hidden in his heart from his fellow, partly from doubt of what kind of reception it would meet with, partly because his mind was not made up as to whether it was really in his heart or not.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DISCOVERY.

If Cambridge in the Long Vacation did not quite look as Jeannette said it did, "as though the plague was in it," it looked deserted enough. Mr. Mavors's fancy picture of Paradise, "a University without the Undergraduates," is certainly not an attractive one save to a College Tutor. There are plenty of young men about; but, though attired for the most part in the very selfsame garments as the *alumni* of the place, they have not a collegiate bearing. They are, in fact, Gyps in their masters' clothes. The silence where there was wont to be so much of sound is portentous. From the college chapels comes no more the roar that "shakes the Prophets blazoned on their panes;" the air is hushed upon the river, where a thousand voices used to strain their throats, a thousand feet, or rather (not to fall into Macaulay's error) two thousand, to thunder along the quaking banks. From the churches the iron hours are clanged with deafening violence; but between whiles all is mute. On the other hand, some sounds unheard in the tumult of the term make themselves audible: the coo of the pigeons in the courts, the silver leap of the fountain in the quadrangle, make dreamy music.

As Adair left the Canon's rooms, his solitary footstep in the cloisters wakened ghostly echoes, but no thoughts in consonance with them. If they touched his fancy at all, it was to remind him that he was alone in the world, dependent upon himself, and himself only, for the shaping of his fortunes. He took the same road as he had taken with Sophy on the procession night, and as he passed the Roundabout it came into his mind that fortune might lie closer to his hand than it had ever done to undergraduate before. To most men college is but a training-ground to prepare them for the struggle of life; but in his case it was quite possible that he might reach harbour when others were but setting sail. Though very deficient in imagination, Adair was not without ambition, while under a veil of modesty he concealed a self-confidence approaching to arrogance. If only he could have his chance—that is, find himself in possession of capital—he flattered himself he could use it, not only to great advantage, but with a success that could be attained only by one in a thousand. He had really "a good head for figures," and he imagined himself to possess a genius for finance, and burnt for an opportunity to display it. Sophy's twenty thousand pounds, could he but obtain the use of it, seemed to him a sufficient fulcrum with which to move the world and set it rolling to his feet. The girl, too, was attractive to him upon her own account, but by no means such an object of desire as she had been. His *amour propre* was deeply wounded by her conduct towards him since Herbert Perry's death. He had a shrewd suspicion that, although she had compromised herself with the man in some way, she had not really cared for him. Her behaviour to himself on the evening when he had dined at the Laurels had led him to hope that she was not insensible to his own merits. Yet, now that his rival had been removed, so far from giving him the slightest sign of encouragement, she studiously avoided him. He knew this for certain—for he had a friend at court, procured, like most court friends, by purchase—who had told him as much.

This informant was no other than Sophy's confidante and waiting-maid. Jeannette was no traitress, but from the first moment that Adair's gold had touched her palm she had become his well-wisher; his contrast (in the way of open-handedness) to Perry, and his obvious dislike of him, had greatly recommended him to the girl, who said to herself again and again, "Now, if it had not been for that mad marriage of my young mistress, how much better a husband would this young man have made her!" no doubt she also reflected, "and how much more liberal a master would he have been to me." But, to do her justice, this was quite a secondary consideration. The picture of Sophy's probable future had filled her with pity for her mistress; to be mated with a clown, and a mean clown, would, she well understood, be a fate almost intolerable to her; and her joy, as we have seen, when fate had destroyed this tyrant in embryo, she took little pains to conceal. Her aspiration, "I wish he was drowned," when he had left them at the mill, filled her with a certain awe when it became accomplished, and doubtless increased the horrors of her visit to Green-street. But she suffered no real remorse in consequence. She had disliked the man from the first; and though, as has been said, she had a strong turn for intrigue (not in the French sense; she was only like the majority of her class—a match-maker), she had opposed Sophy's secret marriage with all her might. Now that her young mistress was once more free, she thought that she could do better for her, which Adair had also convinced her would be doing better for herself. Without, we repeat, having become deserving of the name of traitress, she had become a purchased partisan. More than once since Perry's death Adair had seen her, and quickened her resolves to aid him. But she had done her best in vain.

The fact was, the young scholar had few attractions for Sophy, and she had resented exceedingly the use he had made of his knowledge of her relations with Perry. She knew too well what it was to be under another's thumb not to recognise, in his attempt to take advantage of that fact, the first turn of the screw. Since Perry's death it was true that Adair had been careful not to attempt to apply that instrument; but since he must have known (though not so well as she) how little leverage was now left in it, she did not give him much credit for his forbearance. There was little doubt in Adair's

mind that she was now purposely avoiding him; a circumstance that irritated him exceedingly, but which he knew not how to remedy. Until the late revelation of the Canon's sentiments towards himself, he had, indeed, almost begun to despair of any success with Sophy; but now hope once more awoke within him. He would have much preferred to win her upon his own merits; but so that he did win her, even at second hand—i.e., through the influence of a third person—he would be well content.

Musing deeply upon this matter, as he only allowed himself to muse when in the open air—for when in his own rooms his studies (on which, if he missed this short cut to fortune, all depended) claimed his undivided attention—he turned back into the town. Many of the shops were shut, not from the lateness of the hour, but from lack of their usual customers. And the dim, half-lighted streets suited well with his thoughtful humour. In one of them, not a main thoroughfare, there was a furniture shop, the contents of which were half displayed upon the pavement. He paused in that aimless way which is natural to persons similarly self-involved, and ran his eye over the various objects exposed for sale.

In one corner was a little heap of articles placed by themselves—a small sliding book-holder, two or three sporting pictures in flashy frames, an inkstand and a blotting-pad.

It struck him that he wanted the book-holder, and he inquired the price of it.

The proprietor, a rough, red-bearded man, whose eyes shone keen as a ferret's in the flaring glassless gas, ran out to him at once, like a spider who sees a fly in his net.

"Well, Sir, I don't want to sell it alone," he said; "the whole lot, you will observe, are ticketed together at an uncommonly low figure; they are just the things to furnish a young gent's rooms with who wishes to do it on the cheap."

And he looked at the young scholar, whose apparel boasted of neither scarf-pin nor watch-chain, as though he thought it probable that he might have a frugal mind.

"I am neither a freshman nor a fool, my man," returned Adair, by no means pleased with the accuracy of the other's diagnosis. "I wouldn't have such pictures at a gift."

"Every man to his taste," returned the shopkeeper, indifferently; "they were the property of a young college gentleman recently deceased, who held his head up pretty high, I can tell you. If you're not a freshman, you must have heard talk enough in your time of Mr. Perry, of Trinity."

"Oh, those were Mr. Perry's, were they?" said Adair, unable to exclude from his tone a sudden access of interest.

"You knew him, Sir, I see. Well, even as a memento, these little things should have some attraction for you; and they're dirt cheap."

Adair was passing the highly-coloured pictures in review—"The Meet," "The Find," "Full Cry," &c. Then he took up the blotting-pad, which was of tartan, uniform with the inkstand and book-holder, and as he fluttered the leaves his hand suddenly began to shake.

"All as good as new," urged the dealer. "The poor young gent was not much of a reading man, nor yet of a writing man; a first-rate oar and a good swimmer—yet he was drowned."

"I think I'll take the inkstand and the slider," said Adair, "if, as you say, they will be cheap."

"And the blotter, too," said the man; "I can't spoil the set; though, as for the pictures, perhaps I may sell them separate. Let us say five-and-twenty shillings."

"Very good; here is my card," said Adair; "send them round to my rooms to-morrow morning; but as for the blotter—as it happens, I want a blotter, so I'll just take that home with me."

And he tucked the thing under his arm, where it was hidden in the folds of his college gown.

Mr. John Adair was not a man to throw five-and-twenty shillings away for nothing, though up to this time he had given much more to Miss Jeannette (*née* Jenny) Perkins for next to it. He walked away very well satisfied with his bargain. If it had been a jewel-case and Trumington-street a Tiger's Bay (a favourite haunt of two-legged tigers in East London) he could not have hugged it tighter. Mr. Herbert Perry, as the dealer said, had held his head up pretty high in Cambridge—in other words, had been a local celebrity. It was therefore no wonder that, having found an autograph letter of his in the blotting-pad, Mr. John Adair should feel a little triumphant; his personal acquaintance (though it had been but slight) with that ill-fated young gentleman no doubt gave it an additional interest. Perhaps, in a strictly legal sense, the letter could be scarcely said to belong to him, but was the property of the dead man's literary executors; but I suppose no autograph collector was ever hindered from possessing himself of an MS. by a delicate scruple of that sort. Again, it might have been urged that a blotting-book, even though its proprietor was deceased, was rather a private matter, and that what was left in it of personal memoranda should be held as something sacred. But this consideration could hardly be expected to weigh much with a gentleman who had already made free with his domestic correspondence. No; I contend, upon Mr. John Adair's behalf, that there is neither an autograph collector nor a diplomatist living who would not have behaved as he did; his only doubt in the matter (as would have happened in their case) was connected with the document itself. Was the letter he had discovered genuine? It was, in fact, only the fragment of a letter, with neither heading nor signature; and evidently, from the frequent erasures and alterations, a rough copy. It was very short, so that Adair had already made himself master of its meaning, and, folding it carefully away, had placed it in his pocket. What he had read filled him with amazement. If it had really been written by Herbert Perry it was impossible to exaggerate its probable importance to himself; and such was his excitement and impatience that he was determined to resolve his doubts at once. He therefore bent his steps to the house in Green-street where, as he knew, the dead man had lodged, and rang the bell.

Mrs. Aylett answered it in person. Her lodger's death had of course left his rooms upon her hands, and being of economical habits, she had dismissed her serving-girl, or "slavey" (as such domestics are called in Cambridge), and superintended all matters of the house herself. Her face was almost as lugubrious as when Jeannette had last beheld it; but it was not now so much regret for the dead which touched it with melancholy, as apprehension on her own account. It was just possible, after so lamentable an occurrence had happened under her roof, that she might have some difficulty in finding another lodger. Adair, who knew what it was to confront a problematical future, took in the situation at a glance. "These are the lodgings, I believe, occupied by the late Mr. Perry."

"Yes, Sir."

"Are they taken yet for the October term?"

"Why, no, Sir, not exactly taken. I have had several communications about them; being central and convenient, they are naturally much sought after."

"Just so; I should like to look at them. It is not for myself, but for a young friend of mine whose parents have commissioned me to select rooms for him next term. It is a little late, I am afraid, to come on such an errand."

"Not at all, Sir, not at all; pray walk up. The curtains are drawn, but I will have the gas lit in a moment. This is the sitting-room"—she went on, volubly, as she put a match to the chandelier—"there is not a more cheerful one in Cambridge, though I say it who shouldn't say it."

"It strikes me as a little bare."

"So it does, Sir. But a good deal of new furniture will be coming in. Mr. Perry's father disposed of all that belonged to the poor young gentleman to a dealer, which, to my mind, was not a pretty thing to do."

"Nor to mine. I hope he left you a memento or two, however."

"Not a stick, Sir; the least said about that the better."

"Quite true; I knew your late lodger myself, and I fancy his father and he did not pull very well together. There are debts and things."

"So there might have been; but, still, one's flesh and blood should go for something. A father might surely have left something to his son's landlady."

The reason seemed a little indirect, but Adair admitted it with sympathetic fervour. "I am sorry," he added, "for both our sakes, since I should have liked to have purchased some little thing that belonged to poor Perry if you could have spared it. That's the bed-room, is it? Very comfortable, I'm sure; and the terms seem reasonable enough. Of course, I can't say yes on behalf of my young friend, but I will recommend the rooms with pleasure; and in case of approval I will let you know. What is this stuck in the looking-glass? A note of the bumps made on the river."

"Yes, Sir, a memorandum of poor Mr. Perry's. You know how wrapped up he was in boating matters."

"Just so; it's very characteristic. Perhaps you would allow me to purchase it."

"You can have it with all my heart, Sir. Little he thought, when he jotted down those few lines, that they would be the last, poor fellow, he would ever write; leastways, except perhaps that letter as was never found."

"What letter?"

"Well, Sir, a letter as he wrote to his father the very day of his death. It was on his desk—that I'll swear to; and Liza took it to the post; at least that's my belief still, though the girl stuck to it as she never meddled with it. But when I happened to mention it to his father, the old gentleman said he never received the letter."

"Could anyone else have taken it?"

"Why no, Sir; why should they, except to post it. Unless, indeed, it was mere curiosity, which I should be loth to think of anybody, though the men as brought the poor young gentleman home were anything but well behaved, and spiled the stair carpet with their wet boots, and wanting gin ad libitum because of their sad errand."

"And nobody but those men entered the room?"

"No, Sir, nobody; except, indeed, a young woman from Canon Aldred's. Miss Aldred, his sister, had known poor Mr. Perry, it seems, and sent some flowers. No, no; it was Liza, no doubt. She took the letter from the desk to put it in the post, and then dropped it into the kennel, careless slut!"

"I dare say that was it, Mrs. Aylett. Here is something in exchange for the memorandum."

"Oh, Sir, five shillings is too much."

"Not at all. Such things are not to be estimated by what they will fetch. I wish you good-night and a good let."

"Thank you, Sir, thank you. I wish it was yourself as was coming to occupy your poor friend's rooms. I'm sure he will be pleased up yonder if he is permitted to know the interest you take in him."

Adair walked away without reply. Speculations upon a future state, since they could never be verified, had generally no interest for him; but he did experience a twinge at those last words of Mrs. Aylett's. He thought it very unlikely that his purchase of that memorandum of the "bumps" upon the river would be known to Mr. Perry's departed spirit; but if it was known, he felt that it would by no means afford him satisfaction.

(To be continued.)

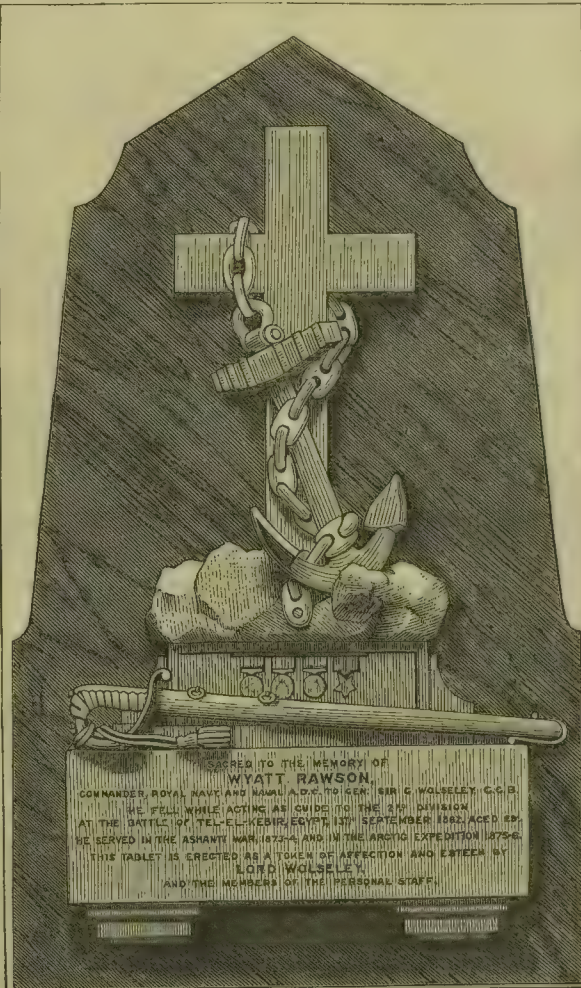
PEASANT LIFE IN HUNGARY.

In the vast plains of Hungary, extending from the Carpathian mountains on the north to the banks of the Danube, and from the Bakony Forest, between Komorn and Pesth, eastward to the Transylvanian Highlands, pastoral folk, of very primitive habits, are employed in tending some twenty millions of sheep and twelve millions of horned cattle. Our artist, Mr. Schonberg, himself an Austrian, contributes a page of interesting Sketches. Every steam-boat passenger on the great rivers may observe such features of the ordinary rustic life of Hungary as are here represented. The people are a simple, hardy race of men, living constantly in the open air, clothed alike in summer and winter, except that the "bunda," or sheepskin cloak, is worn in the warm season with its woolly side outwards, and in the cold time of the year is turned "with the woolly side in," like Brian O'Lynn's notorious breeches in the Irish song. Their sole luxury is tobacco, and they are easily content. If not favoured with school learning, they have a correct knowledge of the stars, and by this can tell the hour of the night as well as by the aid of clocks and watches. One of these Hungarian shepherds, attended by his dog, with his ample sheepskin mantle put on for summer wear as described above, is delineated by our Artist standing amidst the fleecy flock. The subject of the second Sketch is several of the curious floating water-mills for grinding corn, which are frequently met with on the Danube and the Theiss, and are so numerous, in many places between Krems and Semlin, that a hundred and fifty may be counted within sight at once, making rather a hindrance to the navigation of the river. They are formed by connecting two barges with an intervening water-wheel to be set in motion by the powerful stream, in the midst of which this machine is moored by chains or ropes fore and aft: the miller's wooden house or cabin is erected upon the deck of one of the barges. In a creek of the river, partly overgrown with tall reeds, we discern a family of poor fishermen plying their nets in quest of carp or pike. The rivers of Hungary contain abundance of fish, but the methods and apparatus for its capture are still very imperfect, and the condition of the people employed in this pursuit is compared by Mr. Schonberg with that of the Egyptians he saw last year on Lake Menzaleh. In his present Sketch, a man seated in front of a miserable tent, or mere screen of blanket and poles, which forms his temporary dwelling, prepares a fish for his own food and that of his boy, while awaiting the time to raise his net, the long handle of which, and the hoops by which it is suspended at the farther end of the pole, are seen laid out, across a block of timber, projecting over the water; the net is a sort of drop-net, of a basin-like shape, kept distended by a circular hoop around its upper margin. The men in a boat, at the other side of the creek, are hauling in a drag-net from the bottom. Immense herds of oxen, three or four thousand in a single herd, are driven long distances across the plains, as shown in the next Illustration, the driver being armed with a long whip, or a

stick and a long rope, and assisted by his dog. The oxen are white, of large size, and with very long horns. They are forwarded by railway to France, Germany, and the Netherlands, and many are shipped over to England from the North Sea ports, and may be seen in the London Cattle Market. Agricultural improvement in Hungary has made some progress, and there is a considerable importation of English-made agricultural implements; notwithstanding which, the ancient practice of treading out corn by horses' feet, represented in our Illustration, still prevails in some districts of the country. The ground upon which the corn is laid for this operation is covered with a floor of hard ashlar, which is, of course, swept perfectly clean, so that the grain does not get mixed with dust; but it seems a rude and barbarous process, compared with the use of a threshing-machine. The boys, however, consider it the best possible fun to mount a horse and guide five other horses, followed by as many behind, at a brisk trot, round and round the treading-floor. In the last of these Sketches, a German from Swabia, recognised by his dress and general appearance, with a woman beside him, appears to be purchasing water-melons for his retail trade. This fruit grows well in Hungary, and its consumption is greatly in vogue during the summer months, the more so, perhaps, because the water in many places is unwholesome to drink. Jews and Germans are the only tradespeople in the country, being the wholesale purchasers, as well as retailers, of produce.

COMMANDER WYATT RAWSON, R.N.

A Portrait of this gallant officer appeared in our Journal on Oct. 7 last year, soon after his death, which took place on board the hospital ship Carthage, at Alexandria, from the



TABLET TO THE LATE COMMANDER WYATT RAWSON, R.N. KILLED AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.

wounds he had received in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Lieutenant Wyatt Rawson, who was brother to Captain Harry Holdsworth Rawson, R.N., served with the Naval Brigade in the Ashantee War; he was then mentioned in Sir Garnet Wolseley's despatches, and was promoted, for his conduct at the battle of Amoaful. He afterwards served in the North Pole exploring expedition of Sir George Nares, and on his return home was appointed a Lieutenant of the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert; but, having joined the Alexandra, the flag-ship of the Mediterranean Squadron, took part in the actions by land and sea in the Egyptian campaign. He was appointed Naval Aide-de-Camp to General Sir Garnet Wolseley, and actually performed the office of guide to the British Army in its midnight march to Tel-el-Kebir on Sept. 13, but received his mortal wound in the short conflict that took place in storming the trenches. He was promoted to the rank of Commander before he died. Our Engraving represents the Memorial Tablet which has recently been erected in the Garrison Chapel at Portsmouth, by Lord Wolseley, the Duke of Teck, and the officers of the Commander-in-Chief's Staff late in Egypt, to the memory of Commander Wyatt Rawson, whose valuable services were highly commended by Lord Wolseley in his despatches at the time. Among the other officers who have subscribed to this Memorial are Colonel Methuen, C.B., Colonel Wolseley, Aide-de-Camp, Colonel Lyttelton, Lieutenant-Colonel Swaine, C.B., Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzgeorge, Major Lord Melgund, and the members of Lord Wolseley's personal staff in Egypt. The sculptor of the tablet is Mr. Physick, of Marylebone-road.

Mr. Clarence Smith and Lieutenant-Colonel P. Cowen, the Sheriffs-elect of London and Middlesex, will be admitted into office on the 28th inst., in succession to Mr. Alderman de Keyser and Mr. Savory. They have appointed as their Under-Sheriffs Mr. Archibald Hanbury, solicitor, of New Broad-street, and Mr. F. Kynaston Metcalfe, solicitor, of Idol-lane.

A curious point in cab law has been decided at the Mansion House. The defendant had paid one shilling at Cannon-street station, but twopence extra for luggage carried outside the vehicle was demanded. After an absence of a few minutes the fare re-entered the cab and was driven to Threadneedle-street, where the twopence was given. The complainant contended this was a fresh hiring, but the summons was dismissed.

OBITUARY.

MR. HUGH BIRLEY, M.P.

Mr. Hugh Birley, of Moorland, Didsbury, the Conservative M.P. for Manchester, J.P. and D.L., died on the 9th inst., in his sixty-sixth year. He was born at Blackburn, the son of Mr. Joseph Birley, of Ford Bank, Didsbury, and belonged to an influential manufacturing family of Lancashire. Early in life he went to India, as head of the firm of Birley, Corrie, and Co., East India merchants, and became afterwards a partner in the firm of Birley and Co., cotton-spinners, as well as in that of Charles McIntosh and Co., indiarubber goods manufacturers. Mr. Birley's aid in the building of churches and schools was liberally given. His first return for the great city he continued to represent at the time of his death was in 1868. He married, in 1842, Mabella, daughter of Mr. J. Baxendale, of Woodside, Middlesex, and was left a widower in 1856.

MR. G. F. GOULD, C.B.

Mr. Gerard Francis Gould, C.B., H.M.'s Minister at Stuttgart, died on the 5th inst. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1854, and, after filling several minor offices, was for some time Acting Chargé-d'Affaires at St. Petersburg. In 1866 he was transferred as Secretary of Legation to Buenos Ayres, in 1867-8 was employed at the Seat of War in Paraguay, in 1869 went to Athens, and was nominated, in succession to Berne, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Lisbon. In 1878, he was our agent at Belgrade, and in 1879 was made Chargé-d'Affaires and Minister Resident there. In 1881, he became Minister Resident at Stuttgart. In requital of his diplomatic career, he received the insignia of a C.B.

MR. VARLEY.

Mr. Cromwell Fleetwood Varley, F.R.S., M.I.C.E., died on the 2nd inst., at Bexley-heath, Kent. He was born April 6, 1828, the son of Mr. Cornelius Varley, the artist, the originator of the Old Water Colour Society, and descended, in the female line, from the Protector Oliver Cromwell. He devoted himself early to the engineering branch of telegraphy, and distinguished himself by one discovery after another. His name is honourably associated with the development of the electric telegraph.

MR. CUNNINGHAME-BONTINE.

Major William Cunningham-Bontine, of Ardoch, in the county of Perth, and Gartmore, in the county of Dumbarton, Vice-Lieutenant of that county, J.P. and D.L., died at Eccles House, Dumfriesshire, on the 6th inst. He was born April 11, 1825, the eldest son of Robert Cunningham-Cunninghame-Graham, of Gartmore and Finlaystone, Vice-Lieutenant of Dumbartonshire, by Frances Laura, his wife, daughter of Archibald Speirs, of Elderslie, and was great-grandson of Robert Graham, of Gartmore, who succeeded, at the death of John, last Earl of Glencairn, to the estate of Finlaystone, in right of his mother, Lady Margaret Cunningham. The Grahams of Gartmore descend from Sir John Graham of Kilbride, second son of Malise, Earl of Menteth. The gentleman whose death we record was in early life in the 2nd Dragoons, and became, subsequently, Major Renfrewshire Militia. He married, June 12, 1851, the Hon. Anne Elizabeth, daughter of Admiral the Hon. Charles Elphinstone Fleming, of Cumbernauld House, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Right Hon. Hugh Law, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, on the 10th inst. His memoir will be given next week.

Dr. Faviere Elrington, Q.C., Recorder of the city and county of Londonderry, at his residence, Carriekbrennan, Monkstown, county Dublin, recently, in his sixtieth year.

Mr. J. W. Lord, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Senior Wrangler in 1875. He was one of the earliest of the Nonconformist Senior Wranglers after the abolition of the tests.

Colonel W. F. A. Colman recently, at the age of fifty-six. He entered the service in 1843, and had seen a good deal of service in India. He served throughout the Sutlej campaign of 1845-6, and was awarded a medal with two clasps.

Captain Philip Hugh Humberston, only son and heir of Colonel Philip Stapleton Humberston, of Glan-y-wern Park, in the county of Denbigh, formerly M.P. for Chester, suddenly, on the 7th inst.

The Hon. James Cockburn, ex-Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons. He was a native of Berwick-on-Tweed. In November, 1867, Mr. Cockburn was unanimously elected first Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, and in 1872 he was re-elected.

Charlotte Isabella, Dowager Countess of Orkney, widow of Thomas James Hamilton, fifth Earl of Orkney, and second daughter of George, third Lord Boston, on the 7th inst. She was born in 1807, married in 1826, and was left a widow in 1877. Her eldest son is the present Earl of Orkney.

Commander M. Griffith, R.N., recently, in Norway, in his forty-third year. He entered the Navy in 1861, and served in the China war of 1862. He was at the storming of Kiah-Ding in that year, at the bombardment of Kagosima in 1863, and at the operations at Simon-Saki, Japan, in 1864.

Sir Harry Fitzhardinge Berkeley Maxse, Governor of Newfoundland, recently. His death is announced in a telegram from St. John's. He was born in 1832, served in the Crimean campaign as aide-de-camp to Lord Cardigan, including the battles of Alma and Balaklava, as well as at the siege of Sebastopol, and was wounded in the memorable charge of the Light Brigade. He was for some years Governor of Heligoland.

Colonel Edward T. Shiffner, late 54th Regiment, Commander Brigade Dépôt at Chichester, at Swanage, on the 8th inst., aged fifty-five. He was the third son of the late Rev. Sir George Shiffner, Bart., of Coombe Place, Sussex, and brother of the present Baronet. He entered the Army in December, 1847, served with his regiment in India, and was at the taking of the forts of Lechean and Tirhol, in Oude, in June, 1858.

The Hon. Charlotte Georgiana, Lady Talbot, on the 7th inst., at Ivel Bury, Biggleswade. She was second daughter of the late Major-General the Hon. Sir W. Ponsonby, K.C.B., second son of William Brabazon, first Lord Ponsonby, and sister of William, third Lord. She was born June 18, 1809; and married, first, July 8, 1834, Lieutenant-Colonel John Horace T. Stapleton, and was left a widow in November, 1836. She married, secondly, Dec. 11, 1838, Admiral Sir Charles Talbot, K.C.B., who died in August, 1876. The deceased lady was raised to the rank of a Baron's daughter by Royal warrant in 1855.

Mr. J. Brough, scholar of Downing College, has won the Cobden Club prize of £60, offered to students at the University of Cambridge for the best essay on "The Grounds and Limits of State Interference with the Conditions of Occupancy of Land."—The Cobden Club silver medal offered for proficiency in political economy at Cambridge, Massachusetts, has been awarded to Mr. Theodore L. Frothingham, for an essay on the "Decline and Future of American Shipping."



HIGHLAND DEER-STALKING.

The noblest of British field-sports is that of the rifleman after the red deer in the Highlands of Scotland. Some of its peculiar incidents are portrayed by an experienced and skilful contributor's pencil in this double-page series of lively sketches. The ride on ponies up the glens, with sturdy gillies leading such gallant hounds as Landseer loved and painted—crouching now and then to stone of its margin—to the top of the corrie, where the sportsman dismounts, to walk more circumspectly over the exposed crest of the rocks, begins the pleasant toils of the day. A cautious look-out here becomes needful, lest they be caught by the sentinel of the still distant herd, perhaps now grazing quietly on the breezy brae of the opposite moor. Having reached a commanding point of view, our party sit down for a leisurely reconnoitring of the country within sight, through the handy field-telescopes held steadily against their propped-up walking-sticks. The surface of hill and valley is carefully scanned, with frequent whispered inquiries and consultations, until they are perhaps lucky enough to see horned heads slowly emerging from behind the high ground, on the sky-line two miles away, when the plan of attack is quickly arranged. The wind has to be considered, for the deer can scent far off an approaching foe, and it is also needful to take advantage of every bit of cover from their vigilant eyes. A circuitous route is, therefore, chosen by the deer-stalkers, crawling at first to the summit of their own hill, with heads low, and finally prostrating themselves, as they near the top, whence they descend prone and head foremost to the valley on the other side. Here they are, for the moment, out of sight of the deer, but cannot feel sure that these, by shifting their position,

1. Up the glen.
2. Commencing a stalk.
3. A sentinel.
4. Spying the ground.
5. A crawl.
6. Ventre-à-terre.
7. Running up a burn.
8. Under cover in a burn.
9. Feeding over the sky-line.
10. Running in for a shot.
11. A shoulder rest.
12. Chasing a wounded stag.
13. Funeral rites.
14. Not dead yet.
15. Laid out.
16. Returning home.

will not detect the enemy's presence. Silently running to the stream that brawls in its rocky channel down the narrow valley, they are presently knee-deep in the rushing water, partly shielded by the rocks or bushes. Its bed affords a secure path, wading patiently up the torrent's course, to the upper extremity of the glen, where the huge crags and loose boulders would afford shelter for as many Highlanders as rose at the call of Roderick Dhu. This natural fortress and sentry-box commands a near view of the grazing herd on the slope of the adjacent hill. They are now almost within range of the rifle; the stalking has been quite successful; the moment for shooting is at hand. But it is not yet possible to get a good shot without first running down a stony gully, concealed by the beetling ridge to the right hand, so as to reach a kind of embrasure in the rampart of rocks, a cleft opening almost on a level with the heads of the deer. Lightfooted agility, where the noise of a stumble would be fatal, brings the sportsman to this coign of vantage, closely followed by Donald with the "two dogs." A joyous, anxious, trying, but delightful moment of anticipated triumph ensues, while the grave Highland attendant kneels to present his shoulder as a rest for the gentleman's rifle-barrel, and the aim is taken as deliberately as in competing at Wimbledon for the Queen's Prize at 1000 yards. The finest stag of the herd is within less than 150 yards, perfectly unconscious of his impending fate. At the crack of the rifle, there is a sudden tossing of horns and of hornless female heads, a loud snorting and braying and bleating, a hurrying and scurrying and bounding away of fifty alarmed beasts, among which, to the sportsman's regret, is the stag he has just shot at. But see! that stag is wounded; his pace already falters and he is left behind, while the rest of the herd disappear; the keen eye of Donald perceives blood oozing from the wound. The hounds are loosed, eager for their share of the sport, and fly off in pursuit, all the men running after them with breathless speed. A wild, fierce, headlong chase across the moor and the glen, sometimes losing sight of the stag and the hounds, but hearing ever the deep-mouthed baying of these, which soon gain on their wounded prey, in twenty minutes comes to the end. The noble animal has been overtaken and pulled down, but just at this moment up comes Donald, to call off the dogs, and he, seizing the stag by its horns, with knife in hand, slashes its throat across; a single cut, followed by the gushing heart's blood, with a heaving of the flanks and convulsive twitching of the legs, reduces its magnificent strength to a lifeless carcass. "This day a stag must die," and now it is dead. It is true that instances have been known of the stag being found "not dead yet," when the sportsmen had lost sight of the animal, for a time, after sending a bullet into his body, and had, without the aid of dogs, tracked him to the margin of a pool. An unexpected charge and push of the horns might then upset the stoutest Highlander, and give him a tumble into the water. But such adventures must be rare; though, when at bay, the stag will show fight. The day's sport is usually concluded by putting the stag's body, well tied on, upon the back of a pony—there may be more than one such pony-load with the party returning home—and taking their way back to the sportsmen's temporary abode, where bath and dinner, claret, whisky, and cigars, with much pleasant talk and song, beguile the hours of evening repose, before seeking their beds with the certainty of consummate slumber.

Can there, in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, be anything to equal this in the way of field-sports? Those who have practised Highland deer-stalking are disposed to say that there is nothing like it without going abroad; but that Northern Scotland, in its wilder districts, yields all they desire—large game, a difficult, enticing, exciting pursuit which taxes the manly powers of mind and body; romantic "forest" and mountain scenery, with a fine savage flavour in the Gaelic local names; people in attendance who are not only a shrewd and hardy race, but generally honest and faithful; wholesome diet and pure liquor, and probably all the comforts of a refined home within a few hours ride or drive of the scene of action. It costs money, unless one be the favoured guest of the happy proprietor of a Highland mansion or a moorland lodge, stored and served with everything to suit a rich man's taste; and many a true sportsman has no such good fortune, or but seldom in the course of his life. Like other aristocratic or fashionable pleasures, in this country of purchasable privilege, he who buys the indulgence for one season must pay for it, one way and another, a considerable price—more than that of a prolonged trip to Norway or the Tyrol. But the quality of his recreation is beyond dispute. *Non cuius homini contingit adire Corinthum*; and those who sit cheaply, however ingloriously, far behind the reach of such exploits, may read with admiration, unmixed with carping envy, in the famous book of Mr. William Scrope, published forty years ago (of which Messrs. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. have just brought out a new edition), the amplest and most animated description of "Days of Deer-Stalking." Mr. Charles St. John's interesting "Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands" (published by Mr. Murray in 1878) contains several good chapters upon this subject. Her Majesty the Queen, in her "Leaves from Our Highland Journal," inspired by a wife's sympathy with the pursuits of her beloved and now lamented husband, has contributed some truthful anecdotes of the Royal sport in the neighbourhood of Balmoral Castle. The writings of that veteran rifleman and sportsman, Mr. Horatio Ross, have long been recognised as of high authority in this department. For practical advice, Mr. Alexander Macrae's "Handbook of Deer-Stalking," to be had of Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons, will be found very useful to sportsmen, being specially commended by Mr. Ross in a preface to the little volume, which we noticed three years ago. Our readers will not have forgotten that in October, 1880, when the Prince of Wales and his brother Prince Leopold, with a party of noblemen and gentlemen, were staying at Mar Lodge, as guests of the Earl of Fife, our Special Artist was permitted to make some sketches of their deer-stalking excursions and achievements. We then quoted abundantly from the recent treatise by Mr. Alexander Macrae, who lays down precise rules, with clearly explained reasons, for the conduct of operations in every likely case. It is questionable, we are told, whether deer can see further than men; but, when not alarmed, they usually confine their views to the shorter surrounding distance. Sportsmen can thus watch the herd, more especially with the aid of field-glasses, long before the animals become aware of their approach, if care is taken not to be betrayed by the scent. It requires great experience and study of the shifting currents of air in mountain valleys to prevent this being waited to the sensitive nostrils of the deer. As for the actual stalking, which we have described, let the sportsman fancy himself engaged in barbarian guerrilla warfare, and make believe that the stag is a human foe with a rifle, who will kill him the moment he sees him. The proper shooting distance, according to Mr. Ross and Mr. Macrae, is about one hundred yards. Mr. Ross says, that he resolved long ago never to fire at a greater distance, lest he should inflict a wound that would not be mortal, and cause the animal a great deal of lingering pain. This is the considerate spirit of a genuine sportsman, who hates, like a good soldier, all unnecessary cruelty.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

W B (Stratford).—Please re-examine the last problem received from you. If, after 1. B to B 7th, R takes Q; 2. Kt to Q 3rd (ch), Black play 2. K to B 3rd, how do you propose to mate on the third move?

E E (Leicester-square).—We are satisfied with your assurance, and the problem shall soon appear.

Northwich.—Rook and King cannot draw against Queen and King. The inferior piece must be ultimately cornered or lost by the divergent checks within the scope of the Queen's powers.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2063 received from B H C (Salisbury); of No. 2066 from E J Posno (Haarlem) and B H C (Salisbury); of No. 2067 from E E H, R Worters (Canterbury), J J Eaton, B H C Salisbury, and L Forest.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2058 received from H B, Smutch, Gyp, Max Hoffmann (Vienna), Jupiter Junior, D W Kell, Tricks (Dalkey), Nerina, H Blacklock, Julia Short, A B Wyon, Aaron Harper, L Falcon (Antwerp), Clement H Bill, E E H, Ben Nevis, W Hillier, A W Scrutton, H Reeve, F G Parsloe, S Bullen, G B Oldfield, C S Cox, E Casella (Paris), G W Law, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Donald Mackay, W H Junr, R H Brooks, C W Milson, G Foulbrooke, W Warren, A Karber (Hamburg), H H Noyes, S Lowndes, A M Porter, H Lucas, S Farrant, Schmaucke, A R Street, J G C, Jumbo, H Wardell, N H Mullen, T Brandreth, L L Greenaway, R Gray, E J Posno (Haarlem), C H B (Liverpool), B H C (Salisbury), James Pilkington, Thomas Waters, Joseph Ainsworth, H K Awdry, F Ferris, R Tweddell, E J Winter Wood, Otto Fulder (Ghent), M O Halloran, R L Southwell, A Wigmore, Mary O Malley (Newstead-am-Rhein), A C Hunt, Raymond, W J Radman, Northwich, E L G, W Smethurst, Harry Springthorpe, E Elsbury, E Louden, M Tipping, C Oswald, B R Wood, New Forest, J G Anstee, T H Holdron, J Hall, W T Aman, Elsie, Salisbury, and A H Taylor.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2055.

The Author's solution of this Problem is accomplished by 1. P to Q R 4th; but many correspondents have discovered a solution by way of 1. Q to B 4th (ch), a commonplace not contemplated by the composer. We await the Author's correction.

No. 2056.

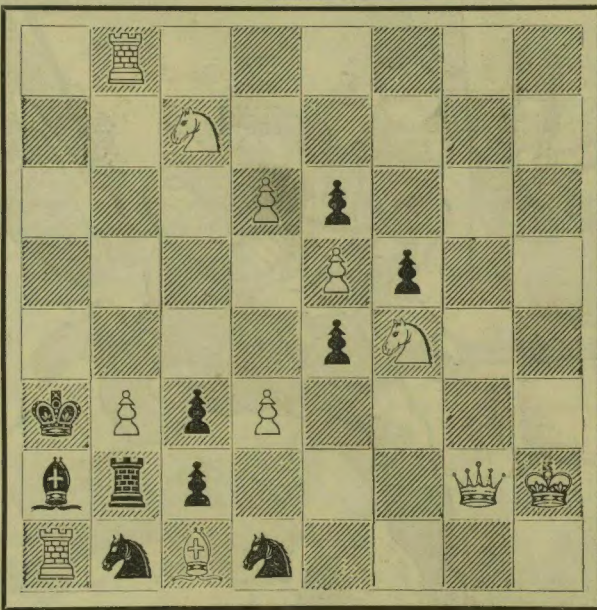
WHITE.
1. Kt to Kt 7th
2. Kt to Kt 4th
3. Q or Kt mates.
BLACK.
K takes R*
Any move
* If Black play 1. R takes R, the continuation is 2. Q to R 5th (ch), and 3. Kt to B 5th, mate. If 1. P takes Kt, then follow 2. R takes P (ch), K moves; and 3. Kt to Q 8th, mate.

No. 2057.

WHITE.
1. R to Q 5th
2. Q to K R 8th
3. P to K 4th (ch)
4. Q mates accordingly.
BLACK.
K takes B*
K takes R
K moves
* If Black play 1. K to R 4th, the continuation is 2. Q to Q 8th, K to Kt 5th; 3. Q takes R, K takes B; and 4. Q or R mates. If, on the other hand, 1. P takes B, then follows 2. Q to K R 8th, and mates next move; and if 1. R to Kt 2nd, then 2. Q to Q 8th, R to R 2nd; 3. Q takes P (ch), and 4. Q or R mates.

PROBLEM No. 2060.

By A. E. STUDD.
BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

Game played in the Nuremberg Tournament between Messrs. FAITZ and MASON.
(French Defence.)

WHITE (Herr Fritz).	BLACK (Mr. Mason).	WHITE (Herr Fritz).	BLACK (Mr. Mason).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	If 13. Q takes P White mates in four moves by 14. Kt to B 4th (ch) &c.	
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	14. P (Kt 5th) takes	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	Pen pas	R to R sq
4. B to K Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	15. Kt to B 4th (ch)	K to B 2nd
5. B takes Kt	B takes B	16. Q to Kt 4th	R takes R (ch)
6. Kt to K B 3rd	Castles	17. K to Q 2nd	P takes P
7. B to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	18. Q to Kt 6th (ch)	K to K 2nd
8. P to K R 4th	B to Q Kt 2nd	19. Q to Kt 7th (ch)	K to K sq
9. P to K 5th	B to K 2nd	20. Q to Kt 8th (ch)	
10. B takes P (ch)		If 20. R takes R, Black answers with 20. Q to K 2nd.	
It is not often that Mr. Mason is caught in such a trap as this.		20. K to K 2nd	
11. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)	K takes B	21. Q takes P (ch)	K to B sq
His only move to prevent immediate mate.	K to Kt 3rd	22. R takes R	B to B sq
12. Kt to K 2nd	B takes Kt	23. R to R 8th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
13. P takes B	P to K B 4th	24. R to R 7th (ch)	K takes R
		25. Q to B 7th (ch)	K to R sq
		26. Kt to Kt 6th.	Mate.

Chess Life Pictures. By G. A. MacDonnell, B.A. London: Kelly and Co. There is no man better qualified than Mr. MacDonnell to fill the place in the literature of chess so long occupied by the late George Walker, and after him by the late Captain Kennedy. Besides his exceptional experiences of chess and chessplayers during the last quarter of a century, Mr. MacDonnell is a born story-teller, clear, succinct, and racy. He is genial and good-natured, even to the "Bored," he includes in his "Pictures," and he possesses the rare and happy faculty of hitting off, without destroying, a character in an epigram. Such sketches as here make up what the author calls "Chess Life Pictures," have for many years been a common feature of the chess journals of France and Germany, but they are so rare in this country that only three names can be associated with them in the English language. The genius of the German school has largely influenced the theory and practice of chess in England, but we seem to have learned little or nothing from the humorous sketches of chess character and incident which serve to enliven their dry columns of practical play. Probably we are too thin-skinned here for satire, however flavoured with good humour, or too ready, like Scrub in the farce, to think our friends must be speaking of us—"they laugh so consummately." Some such thought may have influenced Mr. MacDonnell when he decided to limit the scope of his "Life Pictures" to dead chessplayers; dead, that is to say, either to this world or to practical chess. Among the first-named class here sketched are Staunton, Lowenthal, Boden, Wormald, Andersen, Buckle, and De Vere. The description of Staunton's *personnel* is the best of these, because the most life-like. "Tall, erect and broad-shouldered, he was military in his air, and graceful in every movement. He had a large, massive, well-proportioned head, crowned with a coronet of fine, curly, brown hair, which enhanced its attractiveness. He looked like a human lion." This is an excellent picture of Howard Staunton some twenty years before his death, in 1874. Of other characteristics Mr. MacDonnell says—"His manner was very quiet, and his voice was always gentle, and at times sympathetic." Full justice is also awarded to Staunton's remarkable knowledge of Elizabethan literature as well as to his fascinating conversational powers. The biographical notice of Lowenthal is the funniest of the series, and naturally so, for many phases of Lowenthal's character savoured of the ridiculous, amply redeemed, however, by great earnestness in others. The second part of the book is devoted to miscellaneous essays, in which, although certain personalities may be detected, the social aspects of chess are more particularly dealt with, and the third part to character sketches, such as "Chess Boreds," "Excuses," "Mannerisms," "Game Paraders," "Problem Composers," &c. In these Mr. MacDonnell's accurate observation and keen sense of humour are fully displayed, yet there is not a touch of scorn to wound the weaknesses at which he cannot, nor his readers either, venture to say, help laughing. The book is illustrated with portraits of twenty-five living and dead celebrities of the chess world from the facile pencil of Mr. Wallis Mackay. The book is dedicated to Mr. P. T. Duffy.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 13, 1850), with a codicil (dated Jan. 29, 1883), of Sir George Bowyer, Bart., D.C.L., late of Radley, Berks, and of No. 13, King's Bench Walk, Temple, who died on June 7 last, was proved on the 24th ult. by Henry George Bowyer, the brother, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £9000. The testator leaves all his Government Stock and the balance at his banker's to his sister Fanny; an annuity of £150 to Mary Nicholson; £100 to Eva Myers; £100 to Louisa Triggs; £100 to the Rev. Matron Priorress of the community of his beloved Church of St. John of Jerusalem, Ormond-street; he also leaves them his heart to be preserved for ever in remembrance of the founder; and a legacy to a servant. He settles all his manors, lordships, farm lands and hereditaments, and the residue of the personalty, on his said brother Henry George for life, with remainder to his eldest son. The testator desires his said brother and his wife to protect his church and convent at Abingdon; and he states that he expects them to take care of his cat, and hopes they will remember his poor people. He wishes to lie publicly uncovered, without a coffin, in his beloved Church of St. John of Jerusalem, clad in the uniform of the Grand Military Order.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Renfrew, of the trust, disposition, and settlement (dated Nov. 5, 1879) of Mr. Peter Brough, late of Oakshawhead House, Paisley, who died at Gourcock on July 18 last, granted to Patrick Miller Brough, the nephew, and seven others, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 25th ult., the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £153,000.

The will (dated July, 1876), with two codicils (dated Feb. 4, 1882, and July 4, 1883), of Captain Edward Thornton, formerly of the Bedfordshire Militia, and of The Lawn, Hollybourne, in the county of Southampton, but late of Shinfield Lodge, near Reading, who died on July 20 last, at No. 13, Lower Berkeley-street, Portman-square, was proved on the 26th ult. by Algernon Tatham and Edward Brooke Thornton, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £77,000. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Frances Eleanor Thornton, £2000, his furniture, plate, pictures, wine, effects, horses and carriages, and an annuity of £1200 for life, to be reduced to £800 per annum in the event of her marrying again; to his executor, Mr. Tatham, £300; and the residue of his estate and effects to his two sons, Edward Brooke Thornton and Armine Thornton.

The will (dated April 18, 1879), with a codicil (dated Nov. 11, 1881), of Mr. William Charles Smith, late of Shortgrove, Essex, who died on June 6 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by George James Philip Smith, the brother, Philip Vernon Smith, the nephew, and Thomas Somers Cocks, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £44,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife, Mrs. Fanny Rowley Smith, £1000, and his plate and plated articles for life; and legacies to his executors, brothers, and his said nephew. All his Bank of England and Indian railway stocks, with the equity of redemption of a farm and certain copyhold property, are settled on his nephew, Joseph Charles Thomas Smith. Certain furniture, pictures, busts, bronzes, antiquities, and marbles, and his plate and plated articles, on the death of his wife, are made heirlooms to go with the Shortgrove estate, which has been settled by deed. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife.

The will (dated June 12, 1879) of Mrs. Caroline Charlotte Wilhelmina Cleaver, late of Dungenar House, Brencley, Kent, who died on April 4 last, was proved on the 4th ult. by the Rev. William Henry Cleaver, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £36,000. The testatrix bequeaths £10,000 to her niece, Mrs. Catherine Pennafather; £8000 each to the said William Henry Cleaver, and to Frances Augusta Scott; £2000 to Wilhelmina Bull; £4000, upon trust, for Ellen French and Margaretta Nini for their lives, and on the death of the survivor for Robert de Ricci and the said Wilhelmina Bull; £2000 as an endowment for Trinity Church, Cranbrook, and in augmentation of the income of the Incumbent; and other legacies. The residue of her property she gives to her said nephew, the Rev. William Henry Cleaver.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1882) of Miss Jane Bewicke, late of Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, who died on June 26 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by Henry Bellman and the Rev. Edward Alfred Brown, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testatrix gives several legacies to relatives, and the residue of her property to her niece, Mrs. Julia Fanny Littlewood.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1880) of Mr. Henry Charles Caldwell, formerly of Hong-Kong, solicitor, but late of Heath House, Twickenham, who died on June 28 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by Mrs. Eliza Caldwell, the widow, and Miss Eliza Juliet Caldwell, the daughter, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £9000. The testator leaves £300 and his furniture and effects to his wife; and the residue of his property, including his land at Victoria, Hong-Kong, upon trust, for his wife for life. At his wife's death, he distributes his property among his children and the children of his deceased daughter Louisa.

The will (dated Sept. 23, 1881), with three codicils (dated Oct. 15, 1881; Aug. 8, 1882; and Feb. 24, 1883), of Miss Elizabeth Barlow, late of Wrexham Lodge, Ealing-green, who died on March 19 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Thomas Alexander Roberts and Francis Robert Middleton Phillips, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £8000. The testatrix bequeaths £200 each to the Ealing Industrial Orphanage for Girls, and St. Mark's Hospital for Fistula;—£100 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the London City Mission; the Lock Hospital, Harrow-road; the Boys' Refuge, Great Queen-street; the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton; the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Victoria Park; and the Governess's Benevolent Institution, Harley-street; and £50 to the Girl's National School, Ealing, supported by voluntary contributions. These charitable legacies are directed to be paid, free of duty, out of such part of her estate as is by law applicable to the purpose, and in priority to all other legacies.

The Lord Lieutenant and Countess Spencer were present on the 6th inst. at the autumn exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society of Ireland, at Dublin. Among the exhibitors and prize-winners were Earl Spencer, Mr. Trevelyan, Lord Powerscourt, the Earl of Wicklow, and the Earl of Portarlington.—The Lord Lieutenant, accompanied by the Countess Spencer, proceeded last Saturday to the rifle ranges of Dollymount, and took part in a rifle competition in connection with the Dublin Rifle Club. His Excellency, who took the third prize, scored 108 points; the highest score being that of Major Turonea, 114 points.—The Lord Lieutenant left Dublin last Wednesday for the north of Ireland, where he will for some days be the guest of Sir Harvey Bruce. His Excellency proceeded to Downhill on his arrival at Belfast, and on the following day distributed prizes at the college at Coleraine. On the 14th inst. he was to open the new Electric Railway at Portrush.

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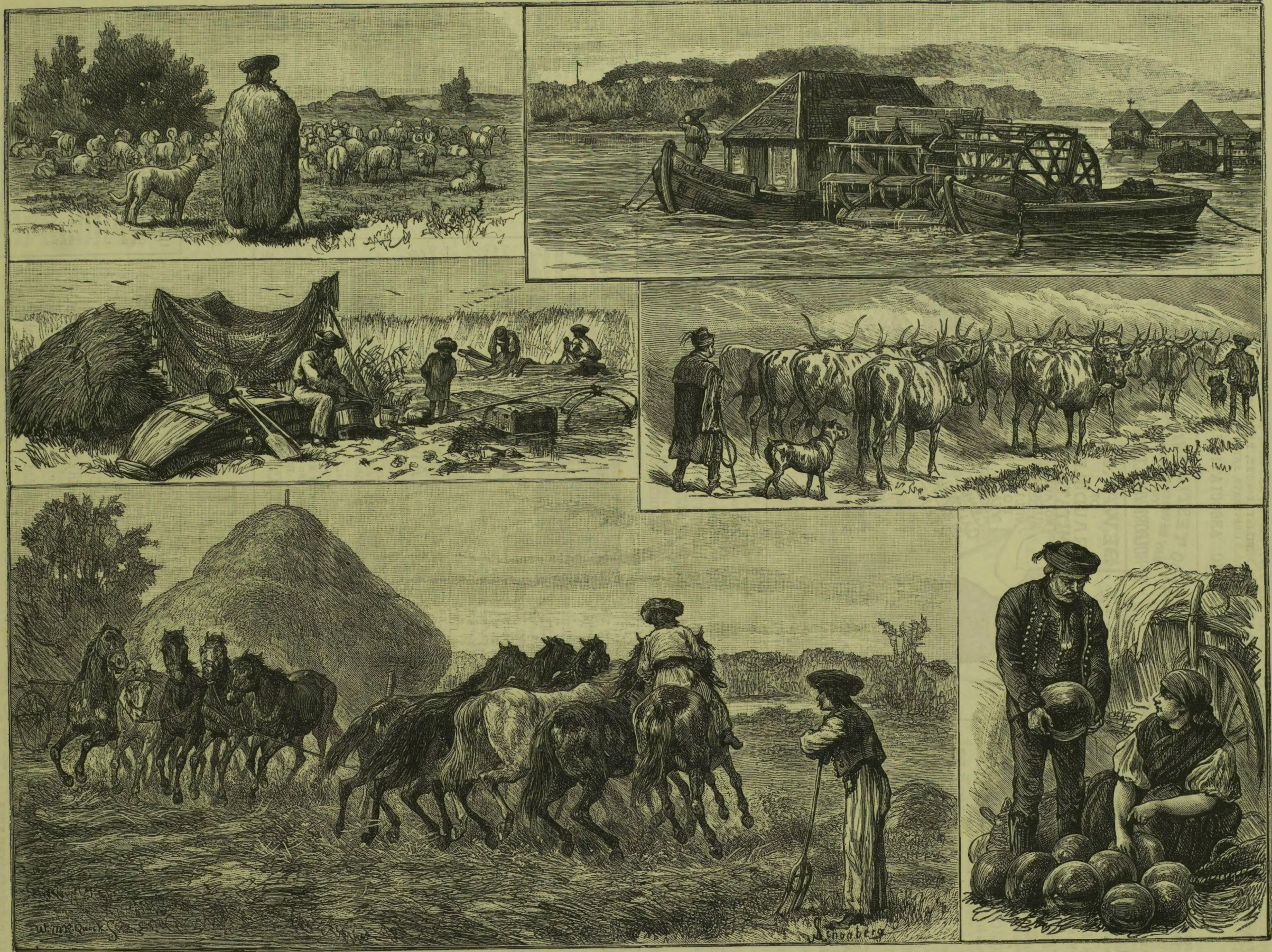
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